

THE
L I F E
AND EXTRAORDINARY
H I S T O R Y
O F
Dr. JOHN TAYLOR.

V O L. II.

C H A P. I.

Here a strange Galamaufry, and a New Actor is introduced.

HERE the Chevalier, disguised in the Habit of a *Portuguese*, and speaking nothing but the Language of that Country, taking with him an Interpreter, travelled on to *Salisbury*, where his Son met him, having also made his Escape from the *College du Placis*, where he had been placed by his Father. He had continued there five Years, during the Doctor's Travels through *Spain* and *Portugal*, &c. who forgot to remit the Stipend agreed upon for his Maintenance and Education. The Youth was frequently pressed to embrace the
Romish

Romish Faith but in vain; for he was so thoroughly initiated in the Principles of the *Protestant* Religion, during his Continuance at the Rev. Mr. *Crow's* School at *Kensington*, that all their attempts proved fruitless.

At length the College proceeded to Severities; which obliged him to think of his Escape. This he effected by travelling through the *Gates of Paris* in a *Fish-Cart*. When he got as far as *St. Dennis*, he fell in company with an *Irish* Priest, who was coming over to *England* as a Missionary, to make Profelytes to the *Roman-Catholic* Religion.

Young *Taylor* tells the Priest, that he was of a good Family in *England*, that were *Roman-Catholics*, which, he made no Doubt, would be very servicable to him in the Work he went upon.

They set forward on Foot for *Calais*, still keeping an Eye upon the *Diligence* or Stage-Carriage. This served to direct them in their Journey, being both Strangers to the Road.

By the Time they had reached *Abbeville*, which is about half Way from *Paris* to *Calais*, the Fatigue of Travelling, and the Heat of the Weather, threw the poor Priest into a Fever.

Our young Traveller, expecting every Moment to be pursued, had only time to say to the Priest, *Dieu vous bienisse*, and pursued his Journey, till he arrived at *Boulogne*.

Here his Feet being galled with Travelling, he was glad to accept of the Offer of a returned Post-Horse. Upon which he arrived at *Calais*; where he was seized by the Soldiers as he entered the *Gates*, who carried him before a Magistrate, where he was required to produce his Passport.

It is impossible to conceive the Terror with which our young Traveller was struck at this Demand. He dreaded immediate Chains and Dungeons. He was sure some of his College

Friends

Friends had been before Hand with him ; that he was to be carried back to *Paris*, and there undergo all that disappointed Bigotry, in its Rage, could inflict.

In this terrible Condition, being still pressed by the Magistrate to produce some Account of himself, he recollects that he had about him a Letter from his Uncle, inviting him to come to *England*; he produces it : And the Uncle expressing in the Letter his Thanks to the Professors of the *College du Placis* for the Care they took of his Nephew ; the Governor seeing this, made no Doubt but he came away with the Consent of his Teachers, and dismissed him immediately.

Our Traveller, having no Baggage to inspect, his whole Cargo consisting of a few Livres, a second Shirt, a *Telemachus* and an *Ovid*, was immediately discharged.

He embarks for *England*. But not being able to purchase a Cabin, he is tumbled in among the common Lumber. Hard as his Lodging was, Fatigue and Anxiety soon flung him into a very sound Sleep; which continued till the Acclamations of the Sailors, for landing safe at the *Tower-Dock* had awaked him; when rubbing his Eyes, and finding, with great Joy where he was, without further Delay he once more leaped upon *Protestant* Ground. He gave three Springs and a Huzza, and flung what little Money he had, in his Transports, among the Mob. But seeing three Wine-Porters marching towards him, one of them being bare-headed, the Sight of their Surplice and Sleeves put him in Mind of his canonical Friends at *Paris*. He runs into a Barber's Shop to avoid them. The Barber asked, if he was mad ? said, they were no Bailiffs, but some Porters. He recovers himself, begs Pardon, and asks the Way to *Hogsdon*. He is directed to his grand Uncle at the *Royal Oak*, who received him kindly, and

and tells him, that his Father the Chevalier was then at *Falmouth*.

Having lately landed from *Portugal*, he writes to his Father, who sends him immediately two Suits of Cloaths of blue Damask lined with black Silk, and embossed with Frogs of the same Colour. The Air and Cut of these Cloaths expressed something foreign, which the Mob, in their great Wisdom, were pleased to call Frenchified.

CHAP. II.

A grave Criticism on a very paltry Performance.

THUS equipped, the young Chevalier travels to the *Borough-Fair*; where he seems an human Exotic in the Eyes of that polite Assembly. They soon saw the Ridiculousness of his Dress, and judged the Singularity of it to be a public Crime, which, by the Law of Nations, the Populace have ever presumed to punish.

Now whether this Incident may not furnish Dints to some licentious Inquirers concerning the real Grounds and true Bottom of moral Rectitude and natural Propriety, is a Question which the curious, at their best Leisure, may please to determine. But why the Fashion of a Coat, for being only a little uncommon, should give such Provocation to two or three thousand rational Beings, in a Land of Liberty too, where every one may indulge his Fancy with Impunity, either in the Choice of his Taylor, or his Parson, is perhaps a Question not easily answered.

A handsome genteel young Man, with a modest and inoffensive Deportment, is made the Butt of Insolence, Brutality and Abuse, in the most merciless and savage Manner, because he wore Frogs upon

upon his Coat, his Hat under his Arm, and his Sword by his Side.

I have seen Turkies indeed set a quarreling by rubbing a little Mud on one or two of their Heads; the Parties so marked were pursued by the rest as Enemies to the whole Species: But this let the Moralists clear up. It will be sooner done, perhaps, than our young Chevalier's Coat can be restored to its original Freshness. His Finery is defaced. A very coarse Welcome to his native Country. He draws his Sword, pursues one of the Judges into *Blackman-Street*, who had been the first who gave his practical Opinion against the Drapery above-mentioned. He was not singular. The whole Pandæmonium with Hand and Voice soon seconded his Sentiment.

The prescribed Criminal, with more Frogs on his Coat than he set out with, escapes to the Water-Side half frightened to Death; takes Boat, and in a Day or two recovers his Reason, and his Cloathing in some Degree.

He takes a Place in the *Salisbury* Coach, his Father having appointed to meet him in that City.

He is stared at again by the Passengers in the Vehicle, who treat him with Mockery instead of Mud, and by a thousand aukward Conundrums, and Bear-garden Railleries, kept pelting him all the Way. He endeavoured to make Reprisals in broken *English*, for he had almost lost his native Tongue, being so long absent in *France*. But this Circumstance was a fresh Aggravation of his Guilt. They talked loud to him, as if he was deaf; and asked him Questions as if he were an Idiot, wisely judging that good Sense and a good *English* Accent were convertible Terms, and he that wanted the latter, could never be possessed of the former.

There

There was a Parson in the Coach, who advised him, if he went a hunting, to beware the Fate of *Absalom*, lest, says he, the Branches may fasten in your Frogs, and you may hang between the Heaven and the Earth. To which the Stripling who wanted not a Repartee, and mustering all his little *English* together, answered his Reverence, that *Tyburn* though a smooth Tree and without Branches, might be full as dangerous to a plain Coat and one of his Colour too. A Quaker in the same Carriage, notwithstanding his Gravity could not refrain, with a sanctified Sneer, to pull off one or two of his Vanities, as he called them, saying, They were the Livery of *Satan*, and Shreds of the Whore of *Babylon*.

By the Time he had reached the Inn, the Luxury of his *Corinthian* Coat was retrenched to the Simplicity and Nakedness of the Quaker's own Cassock. His Hair was also a great Offence; the Curls of which, the Quaker said, resembled the Snares of a vile Courtesan, much more than the Ornaments of a manly and rational Choice, advised him to get himself shorn at the next Barber's Shop, and he would lend him his Woollen Night-Cap, till his Hair should grow as grey and as strait as his own.

To which a jolly Gentlewoman with a ruddy Complexion, a little flaked and diversified like Marble, who had no Stays on, answered, Hell's Luck to your old quaking Carcass, can't you let the sweet young Gentleman alone, and be damned to you; and you, you roping old reverend Fornicator, with your dry Rubs and be cursed to you; may be I don't know you: By Jesus, you have not paid for the last Flogging you had at my House, and *Sally Winter* will tear the Gown off your Back, when she meets you next.

The

This unexpected Sally flung a Damp over the two spiritual Prigs. They were more merciful in their Attacks for the future ; whilst Mrs. *Brandy-nose* bullied with her Frowns, but tipt the friendly Wink upon the young Chevalier. In short, she kept the Peace till they arrived at *Salisbury*.

C H A P. III.

A mere Salmagundi.

HERE the young Doctor meets his Father, who stood waiting for the Coach at the Inn Door.

The Lad recollected him more from the Singularity of his Dress, than his Person ; which, however varied in some unessential Modes, yet still preserved an Identity of Character.

He receives the Youth with great Marks of Kindness, which however seemed a little dashed with Discontent. The Lad's Mien and fine Approach to Manhood, alarmed the Doctor. He dreaded, it seems, the Point of Comparison, lest the Lady should make Conclusions to his Disadvantage.

He calls the Landlord and tells him, this is my darling Son, but he is not at all like me ; that long Hair of his has quite disguised him ; I must have it off immediately. The Truth is, the Boy had a very fine Head of Hair, which the Barber, for a good Price, soon cut off. The Chevalier dubb's him in one of his own old Wigs, and cries out, Aye, now you look like a Man. Why, *Jack*, you are as like me as my own Brother ; for that was indeed the Character he would have him pass under.

The

The Doctor's Diamond Cross, that dazzling *Insigne* of the Order of Christ, which he put on in *Portugal*, happened to strike the *Sensorium* of a certain reverend Father, an *Irish* Priest, then residing at *Salisbury*, who was retained there by a Group of Neighbours as their private Chaplain. He concluded instantly that the Chevalier was a most zealous *Roman-Catholic*. He gets acquainted with him through Means of the Landlady at the Inn. He tells him he had a private Chapel at about two Miles distance from the Town; to which, says he, several Ladies and Gentlemen, who pretend to be *Protestants* under Appearance of riding out for the Air, or going a hunting, constantly resort. They are grateful, says the Priest, for my spiritual Administrations, and large in their temporal Acknowledgements. To tell you the Truth, most of them are my own Converts; for I am here, my Jewel, upon the Mission. And, though the People are sharp enough in their worldly Concerns, yet they know so little of Religion here of any kind, that they are the easiest Prey I ever met with in my whole Life. I vow to my God, Sir, a Cobler or a Weaver, in the North of *Ireland*, knows more of Chapter and Verse, than the Squire, or the Parson himself, in this Country.

Besides, Sir, a good Make of Person; as for Instance, now I am near six Foot high. You see my Shoulders, and my standing, they are pretty stout, good *Irish*-built Timber, with other Things in Proportion. Ha, my Dear, what will you have of it, Doctor? (for I see you are a Sportsman yourself.) We have Bodies to work upon as well as Mind; and our Instructions of late are very copious upon that Head. By my Soul, I have found it answer better with me, than any intellectual Attempts I was able to make; I mean, Sir, with the Ladies only; oh, understand me right. I mean,

the

the Ladies only. I generally make my Way thro' the Wife, to gain the Husband. It is an excellent Medium, and very pleasing in the Practice, I could name you five rich Merchants in *London*, that I have listed under the Catholic Banner, by Means of these Apostles in Petticoats, their own Wives.

I have now a neighbouring Curate in Town. His Spouse is already in the Pale of the Church, and I expect he will soon follow. I have given him very good Books to read, such as the *Fifty Reasons*, Dr. *Shait*, and the *Catholic Christian*. Oh, the Devil go with that Dr. *Middleton*, he has spoiled my Market with his cursed Letter from *Rome*. By Jesus, it is a very comical Sort of a Book. In it, sure enough, Doctor, there is a great many Things belong to all Things; but 'tis none of my Business, you know, to cry out Whore first.

This Curate has but a very poor Living, that's another strong Motive; and then we have large Collections made among the rich Catholic Families for the Encouragement of Converts. And over and above all this, (among Friends) I doubt, the honest Curate takes very light Meals of Religion of any Kind. He never had a spiritual Surfeit in his Life. He was talking of going over to *Whitefield*. But, I believe, I have given him the Bait; so that he is as good as within my Trap.

I have been very lucky this last Summer in the Town here. I can reckon our Landlady herself in the Number of the Elect. By my troth, she is a kind, believing, good Sort of a Woman in it. But her Husband is a Heretic to the Back-bone. St. *Ignatius* himself could not move him.

My dear Sir, I am to give Mass, with an Exhortation, on *Monday* Morning next, at my spiritual Farm in the Fields, where I should rejoice to see you. Upon my Priesthood, I will introduce and recommend you to many of my Congregation,

who are People of Fortune and Family, and may serve you in your Profession ; for I give Sight one Way, and you another.

The Doctor thanked him, but felt an Indignation rise within him. He made some shrewd Reflections upon his Story. His very Blood boiled, to think, that Popery was taking such large Strides in *England*. The Inquisition sprung up with all its Terrors in his Mind. He could hardly refrain from falling foul upon the Priest ; but he checked his Resentments, and promised to be at Mass on *Monday*. But *Sunday*, it seems, happened, a Day that the Doctor distinguished by the Name of *Clamare Oppidum* ; that is, the Day on which he used to alarm the Town. He puts on all his Bravery ; for he made up a dazling Suit, which, with his Diamond Ring and Cross, rendered him a Rival to his Brother the Sun.

In all this Pomp and Glory, he enters the Cathedral, when Service was about half over ; and pressing up close to the Parson, drew upon him, in an Instant, the Eyes of the whole Congregation. He behaved himself with such Majesty and Firmness, that they took him for some *German* Prince, who came to admire their stately *Gothic* Cathedral.

Service done, he is followed by the Eyes of the whole Congregation to his Inn ; where he had not been many Minutes before he was accosted in a very polite Manner, by a Gentleman resident at *Salisbury*. He invited the Doctor to dine with him ; which indeed he did, and past the Evening in a very elegant Manner. He was regaled by the Gentleman's fine Taste, Wit, and Learning, together with some excellent Music.

In the Evening the Doctor returns to his Inn in high Spirits, being set down out of the Gentleman's own Coach.

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He finds the Priest and the Landlady happy over a Bowl of Punch together.

The Priest immediately expressed his Concern, at hearing that the Doctor had been to Church in such State. He hoped he was a Man of Honour, and would not reveal the Subject-Matter of their last Conversation.

The Doctor assured him, it was his usual Manner of making himself known, that he had a Dispensation for such Liberties, which were absolutely necessary to the carrying on his Business; bid him banish all Suspicion, and drank the Pope's Health in a Bumper.

The Priest took him by the Hand, and said, To-morrow should convince him, how much he was his Friend.

To-morrow comes. The Doctor keeps his Word; is present at the Exhortation and the Mass. The first had such an original Essence of Absurdity in it, and was in every Respect such a compleat Rhapsody of Bombast, Blunder, Nonsense, and the broadest Brogue, that the Doctor could not forbear snatching as much out in Short-Hand, as his Pencil or Attention from Laughter would suffer him to take down.

Father *Phelim O Comefty*, for that was his Name, having mounted the Rostrum, and crossed himself in due Form, took Notice, with great seeming Humility, that this was the first Time he had the Honour and Happiness to address himself, from the Pulpit, to his beloved Assembly of Catholics.

He was sorry to smuggle out his Benedictions and his Doctrine to them like contraband Goods, as the People run Brandy and Tobacco in *Ireland*, at the Risque of their Necks. But, says he, *St. Patrick* himself was persecuted for the Truth, and stolen Waters are sweet.

Ah, ah, my Beloved, I cannot but weep, when I'll think of that unfortunate Hill of *Crosh*, a Keel near *Kells* in *Ireland*, where I'll use to shilebrate Mafs for those Nagures formerly; those Nagures will not allow me a House over my Head, nor a Pulpit for put my Foots in; but the Crows and the Fowls of the Valley coming siteing, siteing down upon myself, and my Books in it.

Victoria! Victoria! My Beloved, I have gained the Victory over the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, and these Nagures.

Here some unruly Woman began to titter, and ask Questions.

Upon which Father *Phelim* rebuked them with great Wrath, and said aloud, that *Lotish's* Wife was turned to a Pillar of Shalte, for one Look about Quara; for why? Urroo, because, says he, she was Curiosity, like the rest of her Shorte, and after a Pause he went on.

The Tix for this Day, he being *Easter-Monday*, is write in the ten and twenty Chapter of the holy Gospel according to St. *Shobe*, in the eleven and forty Verses, you'll found um this Way: *Hes pour me out like Water*, says he, *and he's cruddle me like Sheefes*. *Hes pour me out like Water*, says he, *and he's cruddle me like Cheefes*.

My Beloved, I must remember you, by Way of Explanation upon my Tix, that there is three several Sorts of Sheezes, for be consfider here is,

First and foremost, There is your Crame Sheefe, that is one. Oh that is a very fine Sheefe. Your Crame Sheefe will contain in himself the Quintessence of all Sheefes; for as you'll hold him with the Fire, he'll melt in Grace, and he'll rise in Glory. By the Crame Sheefe, is as much as to shay, the holy *Roman Catholic* Church.

Shecondly, There is your new Milk Sheefe. It is no very bad Sheefe. It is the best of the bad Sheefes.

Sheefes. For af you'll hold him with the Fire, he'll melt in Grace; but he will not rise in Glory. Ah, no, he will not rise in Glory. By the new Milk Sheefe, is as much as to shay, the Shurch of *England*, or that Way.

Thirdly and lastly, There is your skim Milk Sheefe. Ah, that is a very bad Sheefe. It is the worst of the bad Sheefes. For af you'll hold him with the Fire, he'll neither melt in Grace, nor rise in Glory. Ah, it is the Milk of these wicked black Goats, that shall stand at the list Hand at the Day of Judgment. By the skim Milk Sheefe, is as much as to shay, the blue *Presbyterian* in the North of *Ireland*.

But the Person that we will commimorate this Day, is now of these three sheveral Shorts of Sheefes. Arrah no, he is the true *Mullabane*, which above them all is the best. Euara for why? Urroo, because he's make of Cruds, as you'll found him in the Tix — He's pour me out, says he, like Water, and he's cruddle me like Cheefes.

When St. *Anthony*, of *Padua*, was travalling with his Foots upon the Ships of the Sea, the little Fishes will peep their Heads up out of the Water, to heard St. *Anthony* of *Padua* preach. But the Heretics is worse than the Fishes, my Beloved. They will not listen to the Voice of their Catholic Mother, when she cries out, Whil al illo, and claps her Hands, to bring them Home again. Urroo, no, they will spit in her Face, like wicked Children as they are, and kick the poor old Matron out of Doors. But the Catholic Shurch, my Beloved, is like a common Mile Bog, the more you'll shit upon her, the faster she'll grow.

Now the *Protestants*, that is to shay, the Heretics, whose Religion did begin with *Luther* and *Calvin*, they'll shay, that we should not worship Angels, nor their Shaints, nor their Shaint's Pictures.

And to prove their Ashirshon, they'll brought you a Tix out of or, *Exodus*, where he'll write, Love God alone — Dher * Dhey it is there sure enough. But what will we say in Answer to that again? He's write in the holy Gospel according to St. *Tobit* — Love me, says he, and love my Dog. As naff he did say, Love, God, love his Angels; love his Angels, love his Shaints; love his Shaints, love his Shaints Pictures, as you'll found him in the Tix — *He's pour me out like Water*, says he, *and be's cruddle me like Sheefes*.

And now, having sufficiently proved what I was about, I cannot but commiserate the Case of the poor Catholics. Just as we were going to gain our own, and Prince *Charles* was bringing the Heretics all over to the holy Mother Shurch, the Duke of *Cumberland* — augh bad Luck to his Breed; God confound his Body and Shoul, what Business had he to *Scotland*? though, by Jesus, he's a brave Soldier too. But what fraids upon we? the Pope he'll pray for us, Prince *Charles* will relieve us, and his Grace the Duke of *Tyrconnel* he'll fight for us.

Judas Mac Awee was a stout Warrior. So was *Shesar* and *Alexander the Great*. But, I vow to God, there was none of them all to be compare with his Grace the Duke of *Tyrconnel*. Ah eh yeyeh †, yonder he shits, God give you Grace thereon to look.

How my Heart bounces against my Ribs with Joy, my dear little Cluster of Catholics, to find us all here together. The best Part of you are the Plants of my own Rearing, in a backward Climate and a barren Soil, where the North-East Wind blows all the Year, blasting the Catholic Blossoms. But the holy Virgin, through Means of her pious Daughters, has raised up a Shelter here, at *Salisbury* hot Beds. And where I Father *Phelim OComeesty*,
though

* By God. † Oh my God!

though unworthy with the Sweat of my Brow, and the Work of all that is manly in me, or without the toiling with Mind and Body Night and Day, to cultivate, refresh, and multiply those orthodox Trees, that will, one Time or other, I hope, help to wainscot the *New-Jerusalem*.

Thanks to your Aid, my beautiful Daughters, through which I can do much. You feel, with a corresponding Pleasure, the Labour and Success of my frequent and fertile Endeavours. The Progress is precious to you ; and you meet my Mission with all the Energy and Warmth that my Heart could wish. You are my Fellow-Labourers in the Church's Vineyard. Your Watering-Pots refresh the Roots, and give Growth to the Branches. Your Eyes are the Suns that ripen, and your Hands direct the shooting out of these Catholic Saplings. My Zeal works with you, as did of old the Sons of God in the Daughters of Men, and shall bring forth Giants in the Faith.

Take then, my sweet Apostles, my Sisters in the Lord, my Helpmates in the good Work ; take then my bodily Thanks, and my spiritual Benediction. The whole man is yours, and all his Faculties ; every Inch of him your own ; and you deserve him all. Look round you, with Triumph, behold the Harvest you have gathered, the Sheaves you have bound with the Ligaments of Love, to fill up the Church's Granary, and preserve the orthodox Seed for Generations to come.

Oh, you Angels in Petticoats, Words are too little to tell you how I love you. The largest Measure of my Deeds fall far short of the Feel I fain would give you of my infinite Gratitude.

But Breakfast now is ready. So wishing you all a good Appetite, and that you may get safe Home without the Heretics Notice. For, by my Shoul, this Whig Wind will soon brought a Shower. And

now the Bill hook he's lay with the Arse of the Oak ; and where the Tree will fall, there he'll stand. And if Death will come, and shoot you through the Liver, your Gall will broke, and your gone for ever : Which that you may all be, *Pater noster, Ave Maria, &c. &c.*

When this elegant Harangue was over, Father *Phelim* introduces him to his Friends ; where the Chevalier was astonished to meet with several Faces he had seen but Yesterday at Church.

They are all invited to Breakfast in the Priest's Refectory ; where the Curate's new-converted Spouse performed the Part of Mistress of the Family, and behaved with particular Civilities to the Doctor.

She was young and handsome. The Chevalier thought he should reclaim her ; and that very Instant formed a Plan to counterwork the Priest. He returned to *Salisbury* and takes no Notice.

C H A P. IV.

The Reader of Taste shall judge of the Catastrophe.

AND now the Chevalier, like *Cæsar* at *Rubicon*, feels a strange Commotion within him. Affection, Resentment, Glory, and Revenge are now at Loggerheads for Mastery. Affection to the Church established, in whose Cause he had suffered so much Resentment, for the Rapine committed on her sacred Pale, by this salacious Wolf of *Rome*, and then the Glory of a great Revenge had swallowed up his Mind.

He ruminates and turns it over within. The Parson's Wife too stimulates his Virtue ; she must be rescued. The spiritual Knight-Errantry comes strong upon him. The Curate's Consort ! no bearing

ing that, so near related to the Church, and so attractive too — the Scandal that must follow ! Her Husband is indeed but a puny Man ; the Priest a perfect Stallion. But he would measure Swords with him. He had fought a good Fight, made many Converts — she should not thus be lost — the Ministry might reward him — but Virtue pays herself.

Thus agitated in a patriot Storm, and walking pensive in his Chamber, he is invited by the same Gentleman, who asked him on *Sunday* to Dinner, to pass the Evening with him.

Here he found an excellent Concert of Music, which that elegant Connoisseur gives once a Week to his Neighbours ; as also several of Father *Phe-lim's* Congregation, together with the half-converted Curate, and his whole converted Wife. The Priest himself appeared like a Colonel of the Guards.

They are finely regaled by all that Wit, Taste, Learning and Hospitality can bestow. For the Master of the Feast is himself a Banquet, and has entertained the Public with his excellent literary Performances.

They break up at twelve. The Doctor, the Priest, the Curate, and his Wife, repair to the Inn ; where they all intended to lodge. The Chevalier prevailed with the Priest and the Curate, to taste a Glass of fine Burgundy, which, he said, was presented to him by a noble Lord in the Neighbourhood. They take a chearful Cup, and the Ladies, I mean, the Hostess and the Curate's Wife partake their Portion, with Singleness of Heart, and then retire.

The Chevalier, who sees the Window of the Soul with the Eye of a Lynx, imagined, nay more, was very sure that a Cartel was now settled between the Priest and the Curate's Consort, for his Atten-

tion was turned that Way; when presently the Priest withdraws, and soon after enters the Landlady like a clucking Hen, with a Mixture of Tenderness, Resentment, and Concern. She looked, and moaned, and pecked, and fidgeted about, as if something, that she liked very much, was going wrong. The Doctor too became uneasy; and, by a kind of Infection, caught Hold of the same Symptoms. The Hostess goes out. The Doctor quickly follows, and as quickly returns. He seizes the Curate by the Hand, and leads him to another Chamber, where the treacherous Hostess was standing at the Door, and holding up her Hands and Eyes in great Agony. Now, Sir, says the Doctor, see what a ghostly guide you follow.

They enter, when lo! the Priest was in the very Fever of his Mission, lecturing to his Convert, the Curate's Wife, in all the Fervour of emphatic Zeal. The Style and Manner had struck the Curate to the Soul. He cries out, Villain! Traitor! what do you in that Place?

To which the interrupted Casuist, panting with Impatience, and perhaps a little Fear, his Hands being busy in restoring a few Proprieties: I say, in this Confusion, the Priest, after fetching Breath a little, answered, What do I do in this Place? Why, my Jewel, says he, we are taught by our Philosophy, that a Body must be always in some Place, The loco-motive Powers are very arbitrary; and the Body in this Case, is merely passive, when the point is spiritual.

At this the Landlord enters. O damn your Doctrine, Sir, you have been preaching to my Wife too, your loco-roguish and your spiritual Points, you Spawn of *Babylon*; I'll spoil your Market. Go fetch a Constable.

At this the guilty Levite, flinging himself at the Chevalier's Feet, cries out for Mercy, puts him.

him in Mind how frankly he disclosed himself to him, and begged of all Pity to let him escape with Life. As to the Landlord, he would stop his mouth with a Purse. The Curate was ashamed to prosecute; for the Priest had whispered something in his Ear. In short things were so ordered, that Father *Phelemy* and his Horse were soon missing.

This Affair made, in some Sort, a new Scene necessary. *Oxford*, that celebrated Seat of the Muses, was the next Stage on which the Doctor performed a Part. He sends his Harbingers before him. His Bills are distributed. He promises a public Lecture on the *Thursday* following. And having the nicest regard to Propriety in all his public Proceedings, he was determined to dress for the Character he was to appear in before that learned Audience. He bespeaks a Suit of Black; which being brought to him on the *Monday*, he thinks them not full breasted enough, so sends them back to the Taylor, with Orders to make the Breast more full and handsome. The Coat is brought the second Time; but the Doctor complains of the Cut; says the Cloath is not well matched. In short, he hires a Landau and six Horses, sets out for *London*, has another Coat made there. Thus did he put himself to the Expence of two Coats and a half, a Landau and six Greys, and a Journey to *London* and back again, meerly to give a Lecture *gratis*, and that by Candle-Light too.

He appears in his Sables at the Place and Time appointed. He talks of the Eye, that most astonishing Organ; laid open and explained its curious Contexture and wonderful Form, which made the young *Oxonians* stare: For the Doctor unbuttoned the Eye, as he called it, with as much ease as his Waistcoat.

C H A P. V.

*Patience or Pleasure.**The Oration at Oxford.*

THE Eye, says the Chevalier *Taylor*, most illustrious Sons of the Muses, most learned *Oxonians*, whose Fame I have heard celebrated in all Parts of the Globe; the Eye, that most amazing, that stupendous, that comprehending, that incomprehensible, that miraculous Organ; the Eye is the Proteus of the Passions, the Herald of the Mind, the Interpreter of the Heart, and the Window of the Soul. The Eye has Dominion over all Things. The World was made for the Eye, and the Eye for the World.

My Subject is Light, most illustrious Sons of Literature, intellectual Light. Oh, my philosophical, metaphysical, my classical, mathematical, mechanical, my theological, my critical Audience, my Subject is the Eye. You are the Eye of *England*.

England has two Eyes, *Oxford* and *Cambridge*. They are the two Eyes of *England*, the two intellectual Eyes. You are the right Eye of *England*, the eldest sister in Science, and the first Fountain of Learning in all *Europe*. What filial Joy must exult in my Bosom, in my vast Circuit, as copious as that of the Sun himself, to shine in my Course, upon this my native Soil, and give Light even at *Oxford*!

Let there be Light, that first *Fiat* of the Almighty, and *there was Light*. For whose Use, I pray? For the Use of Man, for the Use of the Eye. The Angels wanted it not; the Sun was kindled,
the

the Stars were lighted up; the grey Dawn and the milky Way, the Constellations, the Morning Planets, and all the bright Chandeliers over Head, were all hung out, rank and file, to minister to this little Speck, this Peep-hole of the Mind, this Inlet of the Soul, this Surveyor of the Universe, this Lord of all Things, the Eye.

The Eye is the Husband of the Soul; through it she conceives, becomes pregnant, and brings forth Knowledge.

Amazing how such large Objects find a Passage through so small an Aperture. Bodily Conceptions are generally the Works of Darknes, where the coarse Sense of Feeling alone is gratified; and on one Side, alas! how suddenly cloyed.

The Eye is indefatigable. The Eye is an angelic Faculty. The Eye, in this Respect, is a Female. The Eye is never tired of seeing; that is, of taking in, assimilating, and enjoying all Nature's Vigour.

All Nature is but one great Act of Love. The material and immaterial World conceive and bring forth together. The other Senses are the Soul's Gallants, such as Hearing, Feeling, Smelling, and so forth; with which she intrigues a Moment or two, and then returns to her lawful Husband the Eye.

The Children got between the Soul and the Eye, are legitimate Nature's genuine Issue; some of which can only with herself expire; the Brats of the other Senses die as soon as born.

In corporal Generation too, how powerful is the Eye! It is the Signal of the Affections; and with a single Glance, can proclaim the Pulsations of the Heart. It is the Lightning of Desire, and the Loadstone of the Soul; whose magic Effluvioms inchant the Imagination, attract the Coalitions,
irritate

irritate the Muscles, stimulate the Nerves, and brace up the whole Apparatus of Propagation.

The Eye is, in some Sort, the Purveyor, or, as others waggishly call it, the Pimp of the soft Passion, which provokes and brings Parties together to a certain Rencontre, and then is ashamed to look on.

The green Mantle of the Earth, the azure Night-Gown of the Sky studded so thick with Gold, the Trees, the Flowers, and the Gardens, the Gems, the Carbuncles, and even the Diamonds themselves, [here the Doctor made a fine Display of his Cross, and Ring] begot by Nature in the secret Womb of Earth, are all brought forth by the Midwife Industry, are all polished to the purest Ray, to entertain, to regale the ravished Eye.

All that is luminous, all that is graceful in Heaven and in Earth; nay, Beauty itself, that seraphic Circle! that clustered Constellation of human Cherubs, the Ladies themselves, were created, or rather copied from the Angels, to give the Eye Delight beyond Expression. The Ladies were made for the Eye; for the Eye first, and then for the Soul, and then for something more substantial. Body and Soul are both due to the Ladies, these Divinities on Earth, who return the Offerings they receive with tenfold Interest, and overwhelm the Worshipper.

We owe the Ladies to the Eye, those Transcripts of the Angels, those Specimens of future Bliss, those Fountains of Joy, those Dainties of Desire, those Cordials of all human Care, who people the Earth with their Energy, and the Sky with Inhabitants; these Patterns of Purity and Love, these Master-Pieces, these lucky Hits of Heaven are the finest Regale for the Eye of
Man,

Man, where it feasts upon the Ruby of the Lip, the Vermillion of the Cheek, the Snow of the Forehead, and the Cherub in the Eye; and yet even these are but the Signs, the Invitations held out of that extatic, that Soul absorbing — But Language is too weak.

All that the azure Vault on high, the rich Mantle of the Earth below, the Gardens, the Groves, the beautiful Flowers, the Quarries of *India* can produce, all Nature's richest Cabinet of Treasures, with ten thousand superior Attractives, shine forth confessed in them. They are the Abstract, the Quintessence, the Miniature of all that is charming and good. You see it, you feel it; your Looks, your Breath, your Colour, your whole Persons elated, distended, erected, expressed, nay proclaim their magic Empire, their enchanting Dominion over the Heart of Man.

This is the greatest Good the Eye can give us. Without the Eye what were all this amazing World of Charms? A meer Mouthful of Moonshine, a Sheet of blank Paper, a Candle in the Desert; for my Lady is no more than *Joan* in the Dark.

What an Orator is the Eye! that Short-Hand, that Cypher of the Soul, whose single Glance conveys a Volume.

The Tongue is an upstart, a tedious Intruder, a limited Prate-roast; who speaks the Language of a single Kingdom or County perhaps, and that but poorly too. Words are an artificial, tedious, contracted obscure, and imperfect Commerce, a Kind of *Hocus Pocus*, a juggling Compact, agreed upon by a few, and understood by fewer still; a Messenger sent a round-about Way to the Understanding, through a certain, dirty, winding, Canal;

nal; where a little Wax can stop its Career, or a paltry Fibre unbraced, destroy the whole Business.

As far as the bungling Productions of human Hands are inferior to the exquisite Works of Nature, so far is the Faculty of the Eye above that of the Tongue. How many Ages old was the Creation before that *Babel*, that Jargon of Sounds, called Language, was sent among Men as a Curse?

The Eye is the Orator of Nature, and talks the Language of the Universe, of all beneath the Moon, of all above it: It talks the Language of Heaven too: It renders useless all Sounds, except the tender Moanings of Lovers, those turtle Coosings of Desire, those nameless Throbbings of Fruition; these, these are the genuine Dictates of the broken Raptures of the Soul, which she scorns to shape into Words; nor can she lose Time in so base a Labour.

The Eye is the quick Flash, the instant Lightning of the Piece. Language is the shot that loiters after with much Noise indeed, but seldom hits the Mark.

O ye Sons and Daughters of *Minerva*, ye Children of Wisdom, ye Offspring of *Oxford*, how precious is the Eye! To it we owe the literary Treasures of the East. The sacred *Arca-num* of the *Hebrew* Ark are all laid open to the Eye in the learned Pages of Antiquity; the Cadmean Character, the mystic Type, the classic Stores of *Greece*, the *Ægyptian* Hieroglyphics, the *Roman* Medal, and, what is worth them all, the encountering and the yielding Glance, the liquid Lightning and the trembling Orbs, the melting Crystal and the shooting Soul; these, these the ravished Eye drinks up, investigates and makes its own. The magic Pencil's mock Creation, the glowing
Canvas

Canvas and the impassioned Tinct, the Hero and the Lover, *Lebrun's* young *Ammon*, *Cæsar* in the Senate-House, and Master *Francis Haymon's* amorous Nun and Friar, that savoury Rencounter, that lusty Duel, that Manhood stirring, that luscious, melting Preparation. How like a Fool the frigid Virtuoso gapes at a Distance on the Workmanship and Colours, till by Degrees his creeping Blood is quickned in its Course, he finds the Subject stimulate his faint *Sensorium* more and more; nor is his Head alone affected: He feels a short Relapse of Youth alarm his lazy Mass, with something of a Solid Symptom; the Picture and his Passion still grow warmer; his Spectacles fall off; he presses nearer to the kindling Canvas with dazled eager Eyes; he mutters as he moves, and huzzles up his Drapery. The youthful Parson goes away from hence with Loss; his Virtue is impaired. The Alderman himself looks silly. *Chartres*, no doubt, would wish to come from the Grave again, put on some Churchman's newly-buried Coarse, and beg of Mr. *Richard Eagle* to pimp him to the Picture. What are the Memoirs of a Nymph of Pleasure, when compared to this? You see it all, you feel it all. The *Frenchman* and the *Russian*, the *Highlander* and *Turk*, the *Dutchman* and *Hibernian*, all Nations are equally inspired at this School of Virtue and Vigour. We owe *Frank Haymon* to the Eye, and to the Eye we owe his Picture. Thither, that is, to the Eye, do all Desires rush, as to their native Banner. 'Tis there, in the Eye, that the Soul is visible. Affection, Hatred, Fear, and Anger, are much more ancient than the *Hebrew* Tongue, and Passion gets the Start of Language; the Sentiment but echoes back the Look.

You

You all have seen a *Garrick* ! seen him act ; you've seen his Air, his Look, his Eye, his Frown, his Brows ; you've marked, you've felt the striking Nitch or two between. There Terror takes his powerful Stand in silent Gaze, with tender Pity weeping at his Side. There every Line is eloquent as Death. What is then a *Tully's* Tongue compared to them ? or what *Demosthenes* ? or he, much mightier than them both, mightier far than *Greece* and *Rome* together ; he, the Saviour of his Country, that Thunder-Clap of Eloquence, that Friend to Virtue, *Britain's* Patriot-Orator ; whose Words, though dreaded, are his least of Terrors ; his Country kindles in his awful Face, and flashes from his *British* Eyes ; his dauntless Brow makes *Europe* tremble ; in every Feature *England's* Interest is expressed, and *England's* Power ; his very Look has killed Corruption ; his Frown has vanquished *France*.

We owe these energetic Virtues to the Eye. We see, we feel, we bless his matchless Powers. Posterity shall, Ages hence, with grateful Hearts wipe their venerable Tears away ; the hoary Sire shall flow ascend, with trembling Knees ; the Basis of his sacred Pillar shall ardent gaze upon the God-like Form ; the powerful Patriot, in the expressive Stone, animated still, with *England's* Glory, shall survey his Attributes with beating Heart, embrace the counterfeit Preserver, and read the immortal Epitaph. Posterity shall thank the Eye for this.

How precious is the Eye ! Of what Importance is its Office ? How deserving is the Art that keeps its Springs in Order, and preserves the Interchange of Office betwixt the Works of Nature and the Soul ? Mind and Matter are kept in constant Traffic by the Eye.

The

The three mortal Foes to Sight (my learned Sons of Wisdom) are the *Glaucoma*, the *Cataract*, and the *Gutta Serena*; with these I wage eternal War. These Auxiliaries of ancient Night, that would restore her gloomy Reign, and bring back Chaos to the World once more.

My Art, O ye Sons of *Oxford*, my Art is the Ally of Heaven itself, and aids even the Almighty, obeying still, and still performing the omnipotent Behest, *Let there be Light*.

I counterwork the Powers of Darkness. I chase away the clouds that blot the intellectual Hemisphere. I restore the Stars of Beauty. I let out the Sun of Science. I enlarge the imprisoned Soul. I have trimmed the Lamp of Truth with fervent Zeal, through all my Travels. I have propagated Truth divine. I have cleared up the Eye of *Infidels*, of *Jews*, of *Pagans*, *Turks*, and *Papists*. I have brought over Numbers by Dint of downright Reasoning, and repeated Toil, to the pure and reformed Pale of my indulgent Mother, the Church of *England*. I have made Proselytes at the Peril of my Life, and gloried in the Danger.

In this my favourite Operation, my Art, my Instruments are mighty; the Senses and the Judgment are the Points I work upon; there I lay out all my Force, appealing to the Convert's own Conviction. My Labour has not been in vain. I have brought forth Fruit. I have rescued some beautiful Recruits from the very Bosoms of rampant, rich, old Cardinals, and popish Archbishops, from under the eyes of watchful *Jews*, and dreadful *Turkish* Bashaws, *Rome* herself has felt my forward Zeal, and all the Nunneries have trembled. I seek no Reward, my Conscience beareth Witness.

As to my other Province of giving Light, there I have been well rewarded. The Registers of Fame are full of my Report. The Courts of *Europe* and of *Asia*, have emptied out their Coffers on my Merit. Their Wealth, their Favours, and their Marks of Honour, have been showered down on me. I bear about me the bright *Insignia*, the shining Testimony, and the sacred Marks of Honour, of Title and Esteem, Distinction without Precedent, and Wealth beyond Example.

The Chevalier *Taylor* has travelled like the Sun. His Fame has travelled faster. What Continent, what Island, what City, Town, or what Village, hath not heard and seen him? The Prisons, and the Inquisitions too, have had him; for Life, alas! is chequered. Envy, and Malice has pursued him. Envy, that Monster, that mortal Foe to Merit, met him at each Turning. The rancorous Faculty, whetted still their Tusks at my Success, in *Europe*, and in *Asia*. This devilish Pest will prey upon Deserts, in the utmost Limits of *Siberia*, with Tooth as terrible as at *Paris*, or at *London*: For my Merit have I suffered much, but for my Principle much more. My Zeal has led me into Labyrinths of Sorrow, where Fortune long has hid the Clue.

In *Holland* was I three Times pumped for my Life. Three Days and three Nights was I buried in the Depths of Darkness and of Horror in the same Place, by an unrelenting cruel Jew; for I had gained over his favourite Daughter.

Near to *Paris* was I dragged through a filthy Horse-pond, by savage Russians, for the same reforming Spirit; with many Stripes and Bastinadoes then and there endured.

In a Garden of the City was I well-nigh worried
by

by a furious Dog, whilst I waited for a charming Convert, that, in a Basket from a Window, came sliding down the Wall.

Five Times was I way-laid in my Journeys, by wicked Churchmen and their bloody Bravoës; three Times three Wounds excepting one, from these Villains have I received, with sad and sore Imprisonment.

In *Portugal*, O horrid Thought! the infernal Inquisition, for I had made a Brace of Profelytes, a Bishop's Mistress and a Leech's Wife: There the fearful Inquisition opened wide it's Jaws, and I was almost swallowed up; but a noble *British* Hand, with powerful Virtue, set me free: I lost my Converts, but I saved my Life.

In *Dublin* was I bastinadoed with a Spit, which had thereon at the very Time, a roasted Leg of Mutton; and that by a bitter *Papist* Landlady. Ah sad Remembrance! the Congregation all beheld it, and I can shew my Face no more.

At *Manchester* I suffered Martyrdom, when *Jenny Cameron* was my Point; but Punishment, alas! my bitter Lot. O *Peter Abelard*, the Image of thy Fate stares dreadful on my Memory. The mimic Process was then as painful as the true one, and the Villain *Richard Eagle* laughs me still to scorn. What multiplied Fatigues that fatal Accident hath cost me, in Order to retrieve my Character! What Certificates have I not worked for, both in *France* and *England*, at the risk of Health, and with severest Toil; nay, sometimes with the greatest Peril! What a Loss, a real Loss, did the Church alas! sustain in my fictitious Depravation! That was, no doubt their View, in that atrocious Deed; but why they stopped short, Providence, and the Guardian-Angel of the true reformed Faith can only tell, who held, no doubt, their horrid
Hands

Hands in that tremendous Moment. 'Twas then the Friend of Truth had like to bleed ; but Nuns and Mother Abbesses have since borne Witness to my miraculous Escape. The Enemy themselves must bear me Witness, that my Faculties of strong Persuasion, and my casuistic Talents are all entire. My Zeal is whetted by the Rubs I have met with, and a keen Resentment shall edge my strong Integrity. I shall on with double Vigour, nor shall be long a Burthen to my Profelytes. I shall hasten to Conviction. They must a while sustain the Weight of my pathetic, and my feeling Topics. That Process must be carried on. The Convert, like the Patient, must endure a while the Needle. The Operation must be undergone ; it shall be speedy.

The Foes in this Department of my Province, who impede my Progress most, are obstinate old Age, blinded Bigotry, spiritual Pride, and a frigid Constitution. But, as I said before, my Apparatus here, and my Medicines are mighty, my Success is equal.

My other Antagonists, that black Triumvirate so often mentioned, who form themselves against me, in my Dominion of the outward Orb, I mean the *Cataract*, *Glaucoma*, and the *Gutta serena*. These I have encountered, as *Cæsar* did the three Nations of the *Gauls*, with Danger and with Hardship often, when Nature and the Foe had joined against me ; yet still, like him, I proved invincible ; like him I conquered all ; not without Loss in these severe Recounters. Some few, indeed, were blinded, like the Grains that perish in the Earth, to bring forth in proper Time a mighty Harvest.

All Climates of the World have reaped the Benefit. The Extremities of Nature, the torrid and the frigid Zones have been fertile to my Wish.

And

And where the Sun himself had lost his influence, the Chevalier *Taylor* was confessed illustrious.

It is with virtuous Pride, my learned Countrymen, that I recount the Wonders of my Art, to you my Brother *Protestants* and Fellow-Citizens.

It is not boasting. Were I silent, the Hills of *Sweden*, the Towers of *Asia*, the Snows of *Greenland*, and the Sands of *Afric*, would all cry out with one united Voice and Language.

But the Retrospect, I own, is more than human Meekness can sustain. It oversets Philosophy; had *Socrates* himself Ballast for so strong a Gale? What are the Conquerors of the Earth, who laid the Nations waste, and canceled the Creator's Image in the human Species, when compared to me?

These Plagues, these Earthquakes, these Pests, of the World, whose mad Ambition led them to destroy. Let there be Desolation, Dearth and Darkness, was their destructive *Fiat*, the Tyrants were obeyed.

Let there be Light, and Joy, and Truth, and Freedom, is my boasted Motto, and lo! my Friend, these Blessings follow me.

A Torrent from the Mountains, roaring down the Rocks, and rushing through the Vales, that sweeps off Houses, Men, and Animals, before it, into one compleat Destruction. Some Capital in Flames at Midnight, whose monstrous fiery Volumes seem to lick the Stars. When Temples, Theatres and Palaces; when all the Toil and Pomp of Ages, are in a Moment, brought to nothing.

These, these are magnificent Mischiefs, dreadful Beauties to the astonished Eye. Such, such, my learned Friends, such are mighty Conquerors among the human Kind; a bountiful, prolific
Spring

Spring that issues silent from it's native Rock, to refresh the fainting Traveller, and fructify the neighbouring Glebe ; whose gentle Current gathers to a River in its Course, and passes with benign Effect through many a Province.

An hospitable, chearful Hearth, a kind directing Candle, a Beacon on a Hill, or the Sun himself that Parent of all indulgent Births. Such, my learned Offspring of the Muses, such is Chevalier *Taylor*, when compared with Conquerors.

I should now proceed to lay before you the different Combinations, Force, and Alliance, of these three Antagonists to my amazing Powers of giving Light. I mean, the *Cataract*, *Glaucoma*, and *Gutta serena* ; as also my invincible Method of Cure. But that, my most patient and most enlightened Audience, I shall reserve for a future Opportunity, when the learned Faculty at *Oxford* shall be fully satisfied, and the Profound of every Class shall subscribe their willing Assent to the unparalleled Merit, and unwearied Virtue of the illustrious Chevalier *Taylor*.

C H A P. VI.

Honesty's the best Policy.

AT *Oxford* he went on with his wonted Success. But not content with a moderate Share of Fame and Profit, he unluckily had Recourse to a certain small Contrivance, called Cunning, Stratagem, Expedient, Chicane, or what you will. But through an irksome Fatality, which often sticks to that refined Way of thinking, his Project of increasing his Wealth and Character, had the contrary

trary Effect with a Witness, and made him little indeed.

He had got acquainted with the Master of a certain Inn near *Canterbury*; who being a silly, credulous Fellow, and dazled by the Doctor's shining Outside; though at that Time the Chevalier's Finances were a good deal disordered, and he had lived a whole Month, himself and Retinue, at the Inn, without ever asking what was to pay.

In this Interval of empty Pocket, he put on all the Appearance of Wealth and Consequence that is natural to a Man of Quality and Fortune.

In short, he managed Matters so with his believing Landlord, that the Fellow was persuaded to sell off all and follow him in the Character of his travelling Apothecary; which indeed he did. The Doctor mean while took him in as his Partner in the Cash which his (the Landlord's) Effects had produced. And who so great as the Chevalier and his Apothecary?

He rode about with the Doctor, in his Coach and Six; whilst the Landlord always paid the Reckonings, who thought himself highly honoured by the greatest Man in the World; for so the Chevalier seemed in his Eye. But Cash running low, the Landlord was forced at last to alight from the Coach, and trudge it, like another Apostle, on Foot, whilst his Housekeeper *Rachel*, for he had no Wife, filled up his Place in the Doctor's Carriage by Day; and it is said, that she returned him the like Civilities at Night.

Our Landlord now like a strolling Comedian, was obliged to act more Parts than one, in the Doctor's *Drama*. The Character of a blind Man was sometimes upon him: A Character which he performed so well near *Canterbury*, with both his Eyes open, as the Doctor merrily used to tell him.

In this Part he appeared at *Oxford*, with every Requisite to impose. He was lectured by his Master, and often rehearsed to Admiration. Nay he performed in Public at *Bury-St. Edmonds*, and at *Tunbridge*, with great Security to himself and Applause from the Doctor.

But *Oxford*, it seems, was a little too sharp sighted for his Juggle. He pretended to follow the Chevalier to that City as a Person of some Consequence.

He came attended by two Servants ; and another Gentleman, his Friend, giving out that he traveled from *Berwick-upon-Tweed*, for the Benefit of the Doctor's Assistance.

He sets up at the same Inn with the Chevalier, who examined his Case with much Parade, and promised him, he should see in a short while, as well as any Man at *Oxford*.

The Gentleman seems highly pleased, and promised to reward him liberally.

A Day and Hour are appointed for the Operation. The Faculty are invited to be present ; and much ado is made about it. But the same squint-eyed Destiny that had so often elbowed the Doctor out of his easy Chair, was now once more at Hand, and played him a troublesome Prank indeed, as the Reader shall soon discover.

It happened that an *Oxford* Scholar had an Intrigue with the Man's Daughter at the Inn, where the Chevalier and his Patient had put up ; who coming a little too soon to wait upon his Mistress, was shut into a Closet, till Opportunity, in the Shape of a Hand and Key, should let him out again. This Closet was divided by a slight Partition from the Room in which the Doctor and his pretended Patient had supped together ; where
the

the Chevalier lectured upon him with great Exactness, and gave him some fresh Hints and useful Instructions for his Conduct on the Morrow, which was to be the Day for the appointed Operation.

Now it happened that the imprisoned Gallant in the Closet, not only heard, but also saw every thing that was done and said by the ingenious Actors in the next Room, and took his Measures accordingly.

It seems he overheard the Patient inform the Doctor, that he was apprehensive of an Arrest the next Day for a Debt due to a certain Maltster in his former neighbourhood, near *Canterbury*; a surly Son of a Whore that would give no Quarter. Nay, says he, I had Notice of it, and Master *Jack* has been talking to the Catchpole at the *Angel-Inn*. He is a thin, tall, black Fellow, in a red Rug Sur-tout, and short Cut Wig. He has a long, crooked Nose, and a Patch upon one Eye. If he should find me out, we are all undone.

Pshaw, pshaw, says the Doctor, hang his crooked Nose and scarlet Rug. I'll awe the Rascal with my Diamonds. My Cross shall put him out of Countenance. I'll dazle him to Distraction, and frown the Vagrant into *Bedlam*.

The Scholar noted all, and, 'tis conjectured, let Miss *Cherry* into the whole Secret, in return for some Things she had disclosed to him.

C H A P. VII.

The Reader, in the following Chapter, may meet with something that will make him laugh and stare at the same Time.

THE Morning, and the Hour appointed which was eleven of the Clock, are both arrived.

The largest Room in the House, is, by this Time, crouded with the best Company in *Oxford*; none being admitted without a Ticket. The Tickets were prudently disposed of. Dr. *Frewin* and the Faculty were not forgot. The Ladies to be sure were there.

When all was settled, the Doctor leads in his Patient with great Ceremony and Address. He places him in an Elbow-Chair facing the Door. And then he opens the Process in a very learned Harangue upon the Nature of his Disorder.

For, says he, this Gentleman has been blind from a Child of two Years old. 'Twas neither the Small-Pox, or Measles, or any other accidental Cause, that occasioned this Misfortune. No, learned Gentlemen, it was a spontaneous Slip of Nature herself, in her Progress towards Maturity.

Nature, no doubt, is a very skillful Lady in the Means. But, Sirs, she now and then commits a few Blunders by-the-by. Nature has many Mistakes in her Productions to account for. Nature alone must answer for these Bungles. Nor do I suppose that her Betters overhead had any the least Hand in them.

This is an early Instance of her Backslidings. She journeyed here in the Morning Twilight, and stumbled near the Threshold. I was intended, no doubt, to correct her Mistreadings, and finish up her imperfect Essays.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen, is a Case that was predestined to do me Honour. This Case has baffled the Learned of all *Europe*.

The Gentleman has travelled in Search of Relief. He has pursued me from Pole to Pole, as I have

have done the Sun, without being able to overtake me any where but at *Oxford*.

Oxford is the happy Theatre, Ladies and Gentlemen, on which this important Scene shall be performed. This is the Meridian of my Glory. Here I shall demonstrate my amazing Skill, to be superior to all the Artists in the World.

And to you, Gentlemen, the brightest Luminaries on Earth, this Truth shall soon be manifest. The Ladies themselves shall bear me Witness. They'll rejoice to see the Eye restored, that Soul of all their Charms. Blind from a Boy, Gentlemen and Ladies : Baffled all *Europe* for Years together.

Now, now, my better Genius, now is the critical Moment. Ladies, look sharp. This, this is the Touchstone of Chevalier *Taylor's* Glory.

Now or never, you Gentlemen of the Faculty, put Prejudice out of Doors ; let Truth and Candour only enter here. Now begins the important Act, now Truth and Light shall soon appear.

Sir, not a Word upon these Occasions ; steady, Sir, not so much as wink ; not a Word for all the World ; steady, Sir, steady ; keep that Posture fixed ; 'tis but a Moment. *Fiat Lux, let there be Light* ; now or never, steady, Sir. When lo ! the Spectre in the scarlet Rug and short Wig, with the crooked Nose, came stalking into the Room ; and in its Hand there waved a Scrawl of Parchment.

The Patient starts and stares, and cries out, Blood and Murder ! The Bailiff, Sir, the Bailiff ! I see the Patch, the Nose, and all.

The Doctor is a perfect Statue at this Blow, meer Marble to the very Back, fixed as Ice. The Audience are bewitched, amazed. The Bailiff clears up all.

The Plot is now unravelled. The Doctor and the Patient both are blasted. They rushed down the Stairs together ; they mount without their Boots ; they gallop off like Furies. *Oxford* is quickly left behind. The Audience at the Inn are basking in the Joke ; they faint with Laughter.

Never had solemn Play so short a Farce ; but the Impression lasted longer than the Scene, by Fancy acted every Moment, Reflection still kept up the Jest. The Scholar throws his Mask aside ; for he had put on the Bailiff meerly to oblige the Company. He tells the whole Contrivance with redoubled Fun, and sends them home all laughing.

The Doctor and his Patient are got as far as *Woodstock*. It was there they first drew Bridle. Never did *Sancho* and his Master make so scald a Figure. They leaned in silent Dumps a while, and stared at one another, like the Figures, at *Moorfields*, of Rage and Grief.

But the Doctor could no longer hold. He eyed his Cross, and that, alas ! was covered over with Dirt, disgraced, undone. Oh curse you, *Nicholas Cottier*. Yes, you are now revenged for house and Stables. It was a cursed Revenge. What Corner of the Globe can give me Shelter ? The World will shut me out. Oh, blast you, *Nicholas Cottier*, the Maltster and the Bailiff too. —

Oh worse than all I've yet endured, than Horseponds, Pumpings, Fumigations, Inquisitions, all, all are Honey-combs to this. This Gall is bitter at my Heart. Perdition on thee, *Nicholas Cottier*, a Cheat, a Rascal, an Impostor, all *Oxford* knows it. Should *Harlequin* steal Crutches, should *Sampson Gideon* pick a Pocket, should *Garrick* pilfer *Roscious*, should *Fit* purloin from *Tully*, should *Taylor* ? where, where were then thy Spots, oh Sun ? Thine Eye should then be patched ; or thou shouldst play at
Hide

Hide and Seek, Moon. Confusion to you, *Nicholas Cottier*, what Horse-pond now, what Pump shall wash me clean? Not all the *Baltic*, and the Ocean joined.

Where my Art and Eloquence had dazzled, to turn a Rascal, Smugler, caught in the Fact, and caught at *Oxford* too. Oh, burn your House and Stables, my Diamonds now are dimmed. 'The Sun disowns his Brother. The Faculty, the spiteful Faculty will build an Arch with *Taylor* on the Top of it, like a Madman gnashing on the Roof. Quack and Liar are now my black Additions, Thief and Rascal. Not a Word of Comfort, *Nicholas Cottier*.

Why, zounds Sir, I have listened all this while. The Waiter thinks you are crazy. You've met with Rubs as bad as this before I saw you. Where's the Use of Raving and Stamping, like a mad Actor. Here, Boy, what's in the House for Dinner? Damn it, Sir, don't give all for lost. I must confess, I was surprized; I smelt the Bailiff as he entered; my Eye was opened by my Nose. I'd rather face a Battery of ten thousand Devils than one Bailiff. Oh they have haunted me for Years. What Course do we steer next? This Harbour was a rough one.

To *Norwich*, says the Doctor. Oh, I am like the hunted Hare, after all my Turns and Windings. Misfortunes drive me to my Form at last, I there shall find a Cover. But step and hasten Dinner. Oh, curse his House-keeper, 'twas she brought all upon me, I should not else. But here the Fellow comes. —

Your Philosophy, as they call it, is of no Use to you, Sir, quoth *Nicholas Cottier*; nay more, your long Experience. The Widow shall cure all again; she lives not far from *Norwich*.

Aye, *Nicholas*, say you so, quoth the Doctor, not far from *Norwich* ! We must both get into Mourning. My Wife, you know, is dead at *Paris*. *Jack*, my darling Son *Jack*, he must put on a Frock and Weepers.

All's one for that, quoth *Nicholas*, *Jack* will soon be here. Come, Sir, a Bumper to the Widow ; oh, she'll do the Work. Fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum*. What's the *Welch* one compared to this ? She'll lick us whole again ; she'll polish up your Cross. Let the Faculty go whistle. I say again, the Widow's Health.

Oh, Horses at the Door. Aye, 'tis *Jack* arrived from *Oxford* ; right enough. Here's every thing we wished for. Oh aye, the Landlord's Cousin ; what's here, the Bill ? A very Trifle. 'Tis a lucky Escape, by *Jove*. What have we now to do ? Oh, you've dined, have you, *Jack* ? Come, there's the Money, Friend. Doctor, I see some *Oxford* Scholars, we had best be stirring. They look a little comical. Here, Boy, a Bill. I don't admire their Faces.

Nor I, Friend *Nicholas*. Death before a Fumigation. There's something in the Wind. Their Looks are terrible. My Measure is not yet full, what still must follow ? Affliction is my Lot on Earth ; but *Nicholas*, I am prepared. How like a Swarm of Bees they thicken in my Eye. *Nicholas*, we had best be stirring. A Fumigation or a Blanket. Snatch me from a Sight like this. The whole Hive is here, Drones and all ; I shall be stifled, stung to Death. Zounds, Man, call our Horses ; get a Landau ; any thing to bear me off. *Jack*, you Rascal, *Nicholas*, you'll be peppered too ; call the Hostler. Aye, they're coming in, they're all upon us. My Horses, *Jack*, I say. Oh, they're gone up Stairs. This precious Moment must preserve me.

me. Damn you, *Nicholas*, where are the Horses?

Here, Sir, at the back Gate. There's a thousand black Coats in the House. Mount, mount, for Heaven's Sake; now whip and spur, *Jack* and I shall follow. And follow soon they did, and galloped on towards *Norwich*.

The Doctor still imagined all *Oxford* at his Heels. When he came in Sight of *Norwich*, he felt his Mind recoil upon him. He surveys himself and then his Train, and then he calls to Mind the Figure which he made in his last Visit to that City. He suffers in the Comparison. It was the Reverse of what the Patriarch *Jacob* felt in his Return to *Padan-aran*, attended by a Multitude.

This cursed Association, this Likeness of Ideas, so *Locke*, I think, calls it; would I could forget it. No foreign Minister made a brighter Entry into *Paris*, than I at yonder Gates; three Hundred in my Train. My Equipage, the Coachman indeed was a little tattered, but for the rest, no Duke in *Christendom*. And then my Wardrobe, *Jack*, for you remember it. What Wardrobe? I have no Wardrobe now. My Mother's little Shop.

O Heart-breaking Thought! how like a Thief I look? And, *Nicholas*, you and *Jack*, make but a sorry Figure. Oh, must I then remember it? What a Falling-off is here! I will not enter in by Day-light, that's poss. The Sun shall not behold my rascal Plight, hunted like a Highwayman. All *Oxford* in full Cry. You set that Chase afoot. Confound you, *Nicholas Cottier*, you ride too fast; 'tis yet an Hour till Night. Her sable Mantle shall befriend me. Two Days are past, since I left that dreadful Town behind me, that *Oxford*, and still the horrid Image haunts me.

But where's this wary Widow, *Hudibras* himself? Oh this damn'd Appearance! — *Nicholas*,

say how far from hence — Yes, we'll all put Weepers on; that, that's the best Apology. Our inky Coats shall blot the Truth, and cheat the very Sun at Noon.

Stop at that paltry Ale-house. — Zounds they know me there too. The Sun loiters in his Speed meerly to torment me; it never will be Night; but stop I will.

And stop they did, and had a Bacon and an Egg a-piece. The Doctor smoaked a Pipe, and catechised about the Widow. *Nicholas Cottier* answered every Question. The Sun whipt on his Horses, and hid his Head behind the Hill.

Now came cloudy Evening on again. They mount their Palfries, and marched through the dark Cope of Night, to the very Gate of *Norwich*. Nor did they stop even then. The Doctor rid on further with flouched Hat; and at the Inn the most retired, he drew at length his Bridle.

A chequered Retrospect of Things employs his mental Eye. But *Oxford* blackens all. The Widow whitened Things a little. And *Nicholas Cottier* held her still to View.

Supper now is done. And, by Way of small Desert, they order up a Taylor — Here; take Measure; put us all in Mourning, dark as Midnight, Sirrah; keep stitching till the Morning, you and all your Covey, Rascal; let me have them on at Dinner. Call in twenty more such Vermin as yourself; swarm your Garret. Your own Price, you Tadpole; spare no Cost. By my Cross and Titles, I dine not till the Mourning is brought me. Hence, you Varlet, ring your Goose about for Taylors. Not a Nose shall snuff the common Air, till all these Sables are accomplished; not a Sash shall stir till then. Get Close-Stools to your Chambers;
lie

lie hid like Moles. Let Darkneſs be your Curtain. Darkneſs ſhall reveal you too ; Darkneſs viſible.

But let us talk about the Widow. That *Oxford* will intrude. I wiſh the Devil had its Steeples, Bells and all. Drink the Widow, *Nicholas Cottier*. My Wife is dead at *Paris*. We are all in Weeds for her, a Month or two. She's dead ; you can ſwear it, *Jacky*. Aye, ſhe is dead indeed. — Fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum* ; you ſaid ſo, *Nicholas Cottier*.

This Mourning is unlucky. My Perſon will not ſtrike ; but my Armour muſt be black.

What both aſleep, you dull Companions ! Snore on, for I have another Part to act. An Inſurrection keeps this Watch awake, and troubled Fancy tolls the paſſing Hour. To-morrow will come ; that Thought has planted all my Pillow. A thouſand Thorns, a Grove of Sharp Afflictions ſhoots up there. The Root of all is *Oxford*. Might an Earthquake ſwallow up my Grievs and it together ; to the Center ſink them both. My Heart-felt Woe and *Oxford* — How ſweet they ſlumber ! — 'tis a Year till Morning. — This Widow goads my weary Spirits, and *Nicholas Cottier* feels it not. —

Expelled from every City, by one damned Chance or other. *St. Paul* himſelf was perſecuted. — No Principle can plead at *Oxford*. Religion there affords my Crime no Cloak. I'm naked there to every Scourge of Fortune ; a Trickſter and a Rascal. Oh, it gnaws me to the Quick — Now found that *Cottier* ſleeps. Well, Honesty after all. His Head is on a downy Pillow — His Houſe and Stables ſting me. — Oh for a Draught of deep Oblivion *Leibe*, *Garrick*, drench me there. How ſhall I cheat this tedious, irkſome Interval. A ſmall Intrigue might help to ſhove it by ; and lo ! the Laſs and Warming-Pan, perhaps ſhe may take

take Pity on me ; 'tis their Nature to be kind. Her Eye proclaims her charitable ; and, I think, I feel myself an Object. Oh, Fortune, grant that she may think so too.

But what avails this dull Soliloquy ? I will keep the full Extent of all my utmost Claim. I must keep stirring. I believe the Thing will answer. The shortest Way's to try two Arguments. I have my Purse and my rigid hard Condition. A strong Alliance, if my Skill don't fail me.

Well these Women are a lovely Opiate. This Girl has lull'd my Cares already. *Nicholas Cottier*, do thou snore on. Snore on, my darling *Jackey*, the Consort doth amuse me. I shall not interrupt the Harmony. Another music now invites me. The Instruments, I hope are all in tune : Mine, I'm sure is ready ; and as Things have gone, it is in Truth a Miracle. No Philosophy can sooth like this. This is my Moorings and my Anchor, my Cable and my Compass. When all Things else have failed, this Friend, this trusty Friend has served me. Your Dreams, my Friends, may give you Joys ; I'll bid for waking ones. *Morpheus* shed his softest Dews upon you : *Nelly* now and I must traffic.

With that the Doctor marched into his Bed-Chamber ; not empty handed to be sure, that had been a wretched Method. Tradition says, that *Knel* consented to assist him ; and that their joint Endeavours made the Night seem shorter.

The Morning came at last. The Doctor first was up, and roused from his Pallet Mr. *Nicholas Cottier*.

Cottier grumbles, between Sleeping and half awake,—My Curse may light on Doctor *Taylor*, cheated of my House, my Girl, and Stables.

Why

Why, hang you, *Nicholas*, what's the Matter ? Is this Time to scratch and grumble ? the Widow, Man, will bring us all about again. I had a tolerable Night on it. *Nick*, get up, and order Breakfast ; but not a Word of me, dumb, dumb as death, till the Mourning is arrived. O this tardy Taylor ? Is the Widow, fair or black, *Nicholas* ? I have dreamt a Dream. I fancy we shall have her ; fifteen hundred Pounds *per Annum*. My Dream was very promising. This *Nel's* a merry Bedfellow ; she kept off *Oxford* and the Devil. The Widow's tall and slender, with a *Roman* Nose and little Eyes. If my Dream says right, her Hair is a little sandy.

By the Lord, says *Nicholas*, you have drawn her Picture ; the Widow to a Tittle. But have you never seen her, Sir ?

Not I, by all that's amorous.

And will you give me back my House and Stables, says *Nicholas Cottier*, leaping up with Joy ? and shall I be once more a Landlord ? A Fiddlestick for all the Faculty. Who cares a Figg for *Oxford*, your Guardian-Angel—Doctor *Taylor* is made up for ever ! and *Nicholas Cottier* shall again cry coming, Sir. A *Roman* Nose and little Eyes, and then the sandy-coloured Locks : promising Marks indeed ! excellent Tokens of a mettled filly ! she shall be mounted and that soon too. But are you sure your Wife is dead ?

Dead and damned too, *Nick*. The *Hussey* died a *Papist*, among the Friars, Man, at *Paris*. She is up to the Chin in Purgatory, dead enough I'll warrant you ; they'll hardly bring her back with all their Masses. She's provided for in t'other World, at Bed and Board till Doom's-day. She'll never forbid the Banns, I promise you.

Give

Give me your Hand, says *Nicholas Cottier*; by the Lord, there's something more than Smoke in this. Had you any Talk together?

O yes, we danced together, *Nicholas*, at a Ball; a crowded Ball. She was dressed in White.

Better and better still, quoth *Nicholas*; we'll strait set off. Oh she lives but—a Curse upon this Mourning, I'll run to the Taylor's, Sir.

Not a Jot by all that's comely, not an Inch beyond the Threshold, to gain the Widow and her Jointure; no, not the Bank of *England*, *Nicholas Cottier*. What transgress the sacred Law of nice Propriety! appear without any Sables! Forbid it Taste, forbid it Honour. No, *Nicholas*, I'd sooner go back to *Oxford* and to *Dublin*. Not a Visage shall be visible, till the Taylor sets us free; the Rascal must be quickened. But here comes *Nelly* with the Breakfast.

Hah, my little Chick. Aye, draw that Table near the Fire. Come give me the Toast and Tackle. Where's this sleepy Rogue, this *Jack*? That's my Darling, place it there, my Chick. How do you like her, *Nicholas Cottier*? Come buss, my pretty Chum, as sweet as moist as ever. Another. Hah, my Chick, we'll set off for *France* together: You love travelling, don't you, *Nell*? But where's this Looby *Jack*? You like the Dream, you say.

Aye, sure, says *Nicholas Cottier*, the Dream is worth a Million. But here comes Master *Jacky*?

Sit down, you lazy Lout. How long you lie in Bed. *Jack* grows taller, don't he? Mourning will become him. This *Oxford* begins to vanquish from my Thoughts. The Dream you say is lucky. I think I see her now before my Eyes; such a deep Impression. 'Twas no common Dream I'll swear

I swear it. Something sure will follow. A Plague upon this *Oxford*, it will relapse a little; but the Rascal Taylor.

This Interval will jade my Spirits. *Nelly*, take these Things away. What think you, *Nicholas*, of a Game at Draughts?

Any thing to kill a Moment. Back-Gammon, Sir, says *Nick*? Shall I call for Tables. It is by much the better Game. 'Tis noisy, and I like it for that Reason. A silent Game is like an empty Inn. O I hate the very Thoughts on't. I vow to God, 'tis dreadful. Come slap dash, have at you.

And so they fought till Dinner. *Jack* sat looking on. The Taylor twice is summoned to appear. But Dinner's on the Table. That Act is over, and the Scene's removed. The Doctor drinks the Widow, and *Nicholas Cottier* pledged him in a Bumper.

The Taylor enters with the Shades of Night, and made the Dark still darker. He had employed, he said, an Army of Veterans in the Doctor's Service; fifty Warriors with their pointed Steel, who tossed the shining Bar.

And now the Doctor, *Jack*, and *Nicholas Cottier*, are equipped in all the Mockery of Woe from Head to Foot, compleatly fitted out to play their Parts the following Day.

The Doctor sallies now abroad. And in his Train went *Nicholas Cottier*. *Jack* was near him on the other Side, and a Brace of Footmen followed close behind.

With this rueful Equipage he marched onwards to his Mother's Shop. But in his Way was joined by many. He thickened as he went. His Friends came flocking round him. Ten thousand Welcomes and a few Huzza's now make his Spirits dance

dance with Joy. He promises a Lecture, and Bills are printed in a Hurry. His Levee is increased. The Blind in multitudes are groping round about him. He triumphs in the Sight, and cocks his Hat at *Oxford*. The Widow kept her Ground within his Mind; his Heart is fixed on her.

He pays his Visits and prepares his Lecture. Bills are sent about to all the neighbouring Towns, and a mighty Fuss is made. The People crowd about his Lodgings, expecting Miracles from his Hand.

A certain Farmer is restored to Sight by him. This happy Hit made all his Puffs canonical. They thought him more than man. The Farmer paid him twenty Guineas, and every thing went swimmingly on. *Nicholas Cottier* chuckled up a little: And *Jack* began to look about him. The Footmen too had Hopes. His Fortune seemed to take a Turn: And nothing now but Joy was talked of.

The Lecture is at Hand; and Syllabuses swarm the City. A numerous Audience is expected. The Ladies far and near are quite impatient—The charming Dr. *Taylor*, he is an Angel of a Man. Lord, how fine he talks!

At eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, the Day being *Saturday*, our Chevalier ascends the Pulpit, and there was a glorious House indeed. He mounted, it is true, in black; his Coat was of that Colour; his Ring and Cross were bright as ever; his Eloquence was critic Proof; it dazzled and instructed.

The Chevalier, from his Meridian, shot abroad his Lustre. His Air and Action ravished all the Ladies. How like a Lord he looks! Few Lords are like him. Oh the shining Cross how bright it beams by Day. His Ring is like a Glow-Worm; but

but his Person the Reader may imagine, how the Doctor's Pulse went pit-a-pat. He was now a pure Enthusiast; not a Scrap of him who fled from *Oxford*; not an Atom of that Scoundrel was in the Pulpit now at *Norwich*; another Being filled the Mourning Frock, it was a *French* one. His Morals, like his Person, put on a borrowed Dignity. Nothing little seemed to live about him; at least the Ladies thought so. He saw their Sentiments, he read their Eyes, he caught the fierce Infection, he kindled at the Blaze.

Now, Reader, let us think a-while together, but not sleep upon the Subject, though a drowsy one. Let us talk of Dreams, for Dreams have something wonderful in them. I know the Fashion is to laugh at Dreams. Perhaps it is a right one. In the general, no doubt, it is. But whether any Exceptions may be made, is, I believe, another Question. Facts, like Mules, will stand between the Cart and Wall; they never yield an Inch of Ground to Ridicule or Sophistry.

That common Dreams are merely Things of course, the very Animals may shew us. Dogs, Birds, and Horses, are known to dream as well as Men. But that their Dreams are Prophecies too, is a Point no human Search can, I believe, ever find.

Some Dreams, as *Homer* says, may come from *Jove*. But come from where they will, the Doctor now is thunder-struck. His Eyes are fixed on Vacancy; at least they seem to be so fixed. The Man is quite absorbed; he stands, he stares, he calls for *Nicholas Cottier*. *Nicholas* is at Hand, and to the Doctor offers up a Cordial. He puts it by with his Diamond Finger, and still his Eyes are fixed. The Audience all are fixed on him; they stare with Grief and Wonder. His Eye is
fixed

fixed on one, Oh, *Nicholas Cottier*, look, look there! Is not that the Widow?

The Widow, Sir, for Heaven's sake, where, where?

By the Lord, 'tis she. Oh, take me down then, *Nicholas Cottier*. Say, it is a sudden Fit. But mark her well, and tell me where she lodges. Some Angel has done this — The fifteen hundred Pounds a Year — As sure as Death I have her. Mark her Lodgings, *Nicholas Cottier*. I must grow worse; so take me down, and call a Carriage.

The Doctor still grows worse; and *Nicholas Cottier* tells his Friends, his Life's in Danger.

The Congregation is alarmed. The Ladies all express their Sorrow. A Surgeon offers his Assistance. But *Nicholas Cottier* carries off his Friend in Haste, and leaves the Audience in a Pot-ther.

The Doctor seizes *Nicholas* by the Hand. Zounds, I am now as well as ever. Have you found her Lodgings out? Was ever such a Vision? I find I am the Care of Heaven yet; 'twas Inspiration. *Nicholas Cottier*, find me out her Lodgings.

The very Woman to a Hair. It is a Match already. We shall fling the Stocking to be sure. She struck me like a Spirit. But, *Nicholas*, find me out her Lodgings. I shall haunt her in my Turn. It was a glorious Apparition. A Bottle of Sack or Burgundy. *Nicholas*, we must drink the Widow. You shall have your House and Stables. *Nicholas Cottier*, thou art an honest fellow. The Dream's a good one. Here, here's her Health; come, fill it up; you must find her Quarters, my Mind tells me, Man. Zounds, it was a lucky Stroke. I shall have her. Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year are mine. You shall have the
House

House and Stables. Come, drink another Bumper, then turn out and reconnoitre. Let me know what People say concerning this my sudden Fit. I never did so well in all my Life. 'Twas a happy Interruption. I shall mount again To-morrow. The *Oxford* Business may now be damned. Money *Nicholas*, is the grand Cosmetic: It takes out every Stain. This shall be a joyful Night indeed. *Nelly* shall fare the better for this Business; the *Hussey* shall be glad. The Widow's very tall. Damn it, *Nicholas*, I like her Nose and Hair. *Mary* Queen of *Scots* exactly. I'll be bound she's Game, Aye, she came to Town on Purpose. The greatest Creature in the World. My Cross and Ring, *Nicholas* how they spangle? I'm quite another Thing. Her Teeth are very white. Her Eyes indeed; but I shall mend that Article. I'll teach them to look soft. They'll melt at my instructive Lecture. Let me alone, for that; the Eye is my peculiar Province. I like her looks extremely. She fastened on my Person. I thought her Eyes would eat me. I'll hold ten thousand Guineas that she dreamt of me: *Nicholas*; as sure as Death she dreamt of me: It is a Match-making Dream, depend on it; a charming Go-between. But has she Children, *Nicholas Cottier*?

Not one alive, by *George*; all interred and gathered to their Father. The Stage is clear.

Say you so! By—then sure as Day I mount it. Let me alone to act the Part. I wish the Curtain now was drawn. *Nicholas*, you shall have your House and Stables. The Widow and I shall inn with you. Get again your House-Keeper. We shall ring the Bells for you. But, *Nicholas*, beat about, and bring me in what News you can. I long to know what People say.

He

He scarce had spoke, when half a Dozen Gentlemen came into his Apartment; who seeing him in such a lively Plight, expressed their Satisfaction, for they thought the Doctor had been ill.

One of them, a Physician, felt his Pulse, and asked him if such Fits were frequent with him. But, says he, you are now as sound as any Man in *Britain*. And I insist, Sir, that you sup with me to Night; you and all this Company. Nay, no Excuses, Doctor.

With that they seized him in a friendly Violence, and to the Leech's House they carried him *Vi & Armis*.

The Ladies were just set down to Tea. The Doctor's Fit was coming on again. He felt about for *Nicholas Cottier*; for who in very deed should front him, as he sat at Table, but the identic Widow? There she was. And here the Doctor trembled. The Widow too had changed her Colour, and certain Symptoms seem to tell her Case.

The Doctor saw and believed; and muttered to himself: Yes, she had her Dream; she's as much alarmed as I am. Oh, it is an honest Dream.

In short, the Chevalier summoned up his Courage, and shone away extremely. His Wit was Rival to his Cross, and flashed about much brighter. The Ladies are amazed. The Widow was struck dumb. The Doctor had her in his Basket. She is fairly brought on Shore. The Doctor still grew brighter. The Widow yields at Mercy. At least, the Chevalier, from certain lucky Omens in his Favour, concluded all was snug.

The Widow and he exchanged a Shot or two together. She hoped, he was not often troubled with those ugly Fits, that robbed them of so fine an Entertainment this Morning. She said it was an envious one. She wished the Ladies in particular
could

could sue it at Law for Damage, she would gladly subscribe her *Quota*. And she was sure not a single Lady would refuse.

To which the Doctor answered, That though that slight Visit was the first of the Kind which he had ever received, he could not forbear thinking the Fit was his Friend, since it helped to conciliate the Attention to him of so many beautiful Objects. And the Damage, as she politely was pleased to call it, should, he hoped, be suddenly repaired: For he proposed to finish his Lecture on *Monday-Morning*; where, Madam, If I am happy in any Excellence, it will be due to your Presence.

The Widow blushed and bridled, and after that she looked a little silly. The Doctor saw and rejoiced, and set it down within. Then leaning back to *Nicholas Cottier*, by the living G—d, she's fixed; but this was in a Whisper.

But, to make the Story short, they passed the Evening very pleasant. The Doctor returns with *Nicholas Cottier* to the Inn, and finished the remaining Part with *Nelly*.

The Morrow being *Sunday*, the Chevalier went to Church in all his gloomy Pomp; and ordered Matters so, by the Assistance of *Nicholas Cottier*, that he sat in the same Pew with the Widow. Where he was not idle, but exchanged many silent Vollies with her; Glance for Glance, like Lightning, was still exchanged. The Thunder was yet to come. The Bolt stood ready to be shot; and only waited for the priestly Word.

He dines at the same Table with her. The Business now went Whip and Spur. But *Monday* is arrived, and the Doctor mounts again the Ros-
trum.

Reader, take this along with you, that for the Space of four-and-twenty Hours, the Town of
Oxford

Oxford never came athwart him once. To which Negation of his Grief, and the Widow's Presence put together, we owe, in Part, the dazzling Beauties of his Ring and Lecture. His Hand and Voice, like the Bell Rope and the Sound, gave such Harmony to Eyes and Ears, 'twas hard to say, which pleased most, the Music or the Ringer. The Diamond here indeed comes in for Snacks, and did as much, perhaps as either. But among them all, the Thing was excellent.

We have said enough before about the Eye at *Oxford*, therefore shan't at present parcel out the Matter. Besides there is a Time to come, in which that Business shall at large be handled. Let it suffice, that his Townsmen were in Transports; and who so much rejoiced as *Tabitha* the Quaker's Relict, for she was there, and heard and saw herself, unseen, unheard by Doctor *Taylor*, for he had other Fish to fry.

He was always with the Widow and *Nicholas Cottier* was not idle.

He meditates a small Excursion to the Country. The thing was planned by *Nicholas Cottier*. The Reasons that induced him thereto, shall, in their proper Place appear. Mean while there is a Ball to be held in Honour of the Chevalier *Taylor*. The Place is in the Town-House.

And here let Sceptics and Free-Thinkers learn to tremble, nor carp at Prophecies, nor laugh at Dreams. No Argument like Matter of Fact.

The Widow was in white, arrayed from Head to Foot; her very Buckles wore that Colour. For *Nicholas Cottier* took his Oath on it, before that Infidel, 'Squire *Chubb*, at *Salisbury*.

The Doctor saw the bright Appearance, and all the Dream came rushing on his Soul. He doubted if she was not more than Woman, she looked so
like

like an Angel; but he as black as *Lucifer*. That Moment her Jointure did not strike him; her Person and the Dream had seized on all his Mind; her Fortune was forgot; that Moment he stood abstracted from himself; and *Taylor's* Heart was honest: His Virtue like the Fashion takes Delight in Change. The Doctor's Virtue was of the Ague Kind, the cold fit kept the longest.

The fifteen hundred Pounds a Year again bore Sway. He dances with the Widow to the very Tune he dreamt of, and every thing was fulfilled.

Nicholas Cottier capered on the Floor for Joy, and clapped his Hands together.

The Doctor is a compound of great and small; and as we said at first, a Co-incidence of all Extremes. In him we find the Oculist; in him the Juggler; in him we find the Orator aloft, and on the Floor the Dancing-Master. The Doctor moved with better Grace than most of them. His Air was tinctured with the Foreigner, which made him visible in all his Motions. The first Figure in the Groupe; he was sure to strike you. He knocked down all at *Norwich*. The Widow's Heart had taken Shelter in the Citadel; I mean, her Pride; for all the Outworks were demolished. The Doctor gained them all. His Dancing drove her to the Arsenal; and even that was not likely to hold much longer. The Doctor's Petards would force a Passage.

In a Word, she told him where she lived, and invited him to call upon her. She understood he meant to take a little Country Air, and her House, she said, afforded a charming Prospect.

The Doctor makes his Bow, and promises to visit her.

Nicholas Cottier is invited too, and so is Master *Jacky*.

Jacky. The Bowl went smoothly over the Green, and took the proper Bias.

The Chevalier becomes religious; for truly this was something more than common. A Hand invisible had brought this happy Thing about. This, says he, is the Work of Providence, the Reward of my Zeal to the orthodox Communion of the Church of *England*, my honoured and spiritual Mother. My sufferings for her Sake, I knew, would be rewarded. A Miracle is wrought to make me happy. You know it *Nicholas Cottier*, the Widow too has dreamed, if I stand before you. I'll hold you half her income, the Widow was inspired. 'Tis not yet the time to ask her, but dream she did, as sure as you are waking. What say you, *Nicholas Cottier*?

Dream or not dream, the Work is done, quoth *Nicholas*. Remember, Sir, the House and Stables. The Widow goes away To-morrow, won't you see her out of Town, Sir?

See her out of Town! Aye, *Nicholas*, to the World's End. We must get ready and attend her; why not all the Way? we will do nothing, *Nick*, by Halves. We will escort her to her House; we'll cross the Threshold. Give me once but Footing in her Palace, and leave the rest to Fortune. We'll increase her Equipage. Let *Jack* get ready.

Accordingly the Doctor and his Train surprized her on the Road. She traveled in her Coach and Four. The Doctor was on horse-back. But managed Matters so that he took his Seat under the Shelter of her trundling Canopy. Master *Jack* and *Nicholas Cottier* rode on either Side of the Carriage. The Footman joined the Widow's in the Rear.

And

And now the whole Proceſſion was drawing near the Caſtle. It ſtood upon a Hill, and made indeed a fine Appearance. *Nicholas Cottier* chuckled at the Sight on't.

To make the Matter ſhort, they're all arrived. The Doctör and the Widow enter firſt, Maſter *Jack* and *Nicholas Cottier* follow in the Train; the Footmen wind up all.

And here the Doctör fixed his Foot upon the Widow's Jointure-Land; and here the Anchor of his Hope was caſt. No Univerſity called *Oxford*, was then on Earth; no Fumigations had Exiſtence, no Sir *Goddart* ever went a hunting; no Pump, no Spit, no Horſe-pond gave Annoiſance.

Ulyſſes now is landed, and all the Voyage is forgot. The Widow opened her wide Doors, and Hoſpitality had Elbow-Room.

The Doctör ſtill is gaining Ground, and *Nicholas Cottier* dreams of 'Thouſands. The Wedding-Day is now in Meditation. The Doctör drove on Jehu-like. Delays are dangerous. The Widow ſeemed to put a Price on Time. She knew that Life was fleeting, and fain would catch the happy Hour. But Felicity on Earth (we meddle not with Things above) is indeed an intermittent. Happineſs, like a drunken Fit, is ſure to bring its Plague along with it. Why, Reader, the Doctör's Foot is in the Stirrup, ready to mount the Saddle of his high Ambition. But Envy, that infernal Jilt, has caught his Skirt behind, and pulled the hot Aſpirer down.

Some meddling Fiend at *Norwich* had ſent a Whiſper in a North-Eaſt Wind that reached the Widow's Ear, the Burthen of which Meſſage was, that the Chevalier's Wife was as much alive as ſhe.

This was a Stab indeed, that massacred immediate Matrimony ; the bloody Hand unknown.

The Doctor calls for *Nicholas Cottier*. Oh, here's the Devil come again, *Nicholas*. Read that Letter. The Widow is alarmed. What Remedy on Earth can save us, *Nicholas*? Will you swear? An Oath on this Occasion is nothing. You saw her Funeral, yourself a Mourner?

Who, I, says *Nicholas Cottier*? Zounds! you say she died in *France*. I never saw the Country but from the Cliffs of *Dover*. Sure she is dead and buried. I thought you said, she boarded at an Inn called Purgatory, where no Bill was made till Doom's-Day.

No Joking now, by Heavens

I wash my Hands on't, if she's living. You said, she died, and died a *Papist* too. These Priests can raise a Spirit. Remember, Sir, I wash my Hands on't.

Nicholas Cottier will not wrong the Widow. This affair looks comical.

I tell you once again, I wash my Hands on't. If she is above the Ground, I mean your Wife, Doctor where are you? I'll run my chance without you, turn Ostler, Tapster, any thing rather than—Doctor, send away to *Paris*, and have an Answer; let us know the Truth: Till that is done, though I han't a Shilling, *Nicholas Cottier* shall forbid the Banns.

Thou silly Puppy, quoth the Doctor, don't you know the Act of Parliament? Duplicates are mortal, Tyburn and two Wives. Pshaw, you Block-head, but *Jacky* shall set out To-morrow for the Capital of *France*. He will bring us an Antidote for Scruples. He shall cure your Doubtings. Under Hand and Seal the College shall confirm it. Aye, *Jacky* shall be gone.

And

And go he did with Instructions from his Father, that if his Mother was indeed alive, he should not, by any Means, appear to her, but procure, for Money, a false Certificate of her Death, which must be signed with the Names of the principal People in the Neighbourhood where she died, especially the Priest and Officers of the Church where she's interred. All this one Livre will accomplish, by going to a proper Person for that Purpose. There is a Notary *Norwich* Man, who went from hence for Robbery. He lives near the *College du Pleffis*; his Name is *Harrison*. Give him this Note and a Guinea, *Jack*, the Work is done. Consider, you Rogue, the fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, you shall have your Horse and Hounds, and Frogs upon your Coat again. But haste, my *Jacky*, haste, you must travel Day and Night, 'tis but five hundred Miles from hence to *Paris*; no more indeed, my little *Mercury*; you'll fly it back and forward in a Trice: Remember *Harrison*. But if your Mother is indeed in Heaven, which I greatly doubt, then you may go honestly to work, and there's an End. But haste, my Boy. So bless thee, *Jacky*.

Jacky travels off to *Dover*, and quickly trod on Gallic Ground. Away he scours from *Calais*, impatient to arrive at *Paris*.

He journeys in Company with an *English* Nobleman, who sailed from *Dover* in the same Ship with him. But whilst on Board he wore a Livery, and passed for his own Footman. The Footman then was Master.

They no sooner landed, than they changed their Characters, and so my Lord appeared himself again.

Young *Taylor* and his Lordship grew very intimate upon the Road together, and Master *Jacky*,

by Degrees began to unbutton all his Business to my Lord, who started at the Doctor's Villainy.

And what do you mean to do in this Affair, says my Lord; will you really carry on the Cheat?

No not for the World, says *Taylor*; I'd sooner die than act so vile a Part. My Mother, I am sure is living, and she shall know the whole Contrivance. I hate my Father's Principles, and, to do him Justice, so he indeed does: he inherits nothing from his Father, but in his Profession, where he shares an ample Portion of his highest Skill. When such useful Merit is built upon an honest Bottom, the Possessor may be truly called, a public Good.

But my Lord and *Jack* are now set out again. My Lord enquires about the Widow, and finds she is his own Relation. His Blood begins to kindle; for it seems he loved her a little more than Cousins do. He is angry now in Earnest.

If your Mother, Boy, be living—but leave the Thing to me. I'll spoil his Sport for him. Come, put on with Speed, Man. Damn me, I'll be with him, a Rascal to attempt my Kinswoman. My Business is a Jaunt of Pleasure. I hope the Widow will not be so mad. She'll wait till your Return, won't she?

O yes, my Lord, I believe she will; though she seems impatient too.

Push on, push on, young Spark, this Business must be minded. Oh the silly Slut! to harbour such a Rascal. I know the Coxcomb well enough. I helped him out of Jail at *Turin*. Come, whip away, my Lad. Can you find your Mother's Lodgings?

Yes,

Yes, yes, my Lord, I know it well enough; she has lived there these seven Years. I'd find the Spot at Midnight. My Father is indeed a —

Rascal, says my Lord. But I shall trim his Whiskers for him.

They soon alight at *Paris*. My Lord invites the Lad to his Hotel, and in the Morning packs him to his Mother, whom he found as fat and as fair as ever. He lays the Plot before her. She advised him to proceed, as if she really was not living.

But says she, I'll have him hanged at *Norwich*. *Jack*, do you go on, and call on *Harrison*. I shall make some shift I warrant you. *Jack*, what a Rogue your Father is! But go to *Harrison*; get every thing from him you want. Was there ever such a Villain? What Lord is this you talk of?

A very worthy one, says *Jack*. I must go back and dine with him.

Jack got all Things ready, and waited on my Lord to Dinner. He produced his Credentials under the Signet of Mr. *Harrison*.

His Lordship laughed outrageously, and ordered *Jack* to rest himself a Day or two, and then set out for *Calais*. But bring your Mother here To-morrow.

Accordingly she came and dined with his Lordship. And after some Discourse in private, *Jack* was ordered to set out the next Morning for *England*.

But, says my Lord, my Letter will be there before you. I have written to the Widow. Your Mother knows my Project. I have spoiled his Market. However, *Jack*, do you say nothing, and give the Rascal your Certificates. Your Mo-

ther too has wrote to *Norwich*. Keep you the Matter close and I shall thank you for it.

Jack drives Jehu-like to *Calais*, and soon after arrives at *Dover*. From thence he posted to the Widow's.

The Doctor clasped him in his Arms, and cries out, is she then in Heaven, *Jack*?

Jack produced his Papers.

The Doctor leaps for Joy. And cries out, *Nicholas Cottier*, by the Lord, the Baggage is desunct, the Coast is clear, dead, dead as *Cleopatra*! Oh, you shall have your House and Stables. *Jacky*, you shall have the Hounds and Horses. Read it, *Nicholas Cottier*. The Widow is my own. The charming Widow, all in White. What think you now of Dreams? *Oxford* may go fiddle. I give Misfortunes to the Winds. The Saints take care of *Taylor*, and the Angels stoop to meet him. But, *Nicholas*, the Widow now is near a Crisis. Her Change is on the Threshold. Let us fly to tell her. Come, *Jacky*, you shall have her Blessing, Sirrah; a happy Day for you, you Rogue you. But let us make her lift her Head again. She'll grow taller, *Nicholas*, and thicker too, I hope.

But here she comes, the Goddess of Desire, the Loadstone.

O my charming Chick! Read; read here's your holy Writ, your Scripture-proof, my Dove, four Months beneath the sacred Turf. And could you doubt my Honour, distrust your Chevalier, thou beauteous Infidel? But I shall finish your Conversion. The Hands of all the Clergy, the Undertaker too, the King himself shall sign it. Are you now convinced, my Chick? What Fiends are those at *Norwich*, that envyed you, my Dear? But let them all be curst. Now, shall we name the Day, my Chicken? To-night, To-morrow,

or

or on *Friday*? What say you, *Nicholas Cottier*? *Friday* is a very lucky Day. I got this Cross on *Friday*. On *Friday* I escaped the Inquisition. On *Friday* I first beheld this Charmer. On *Friday* I shall make her mine for ever.

The Widow blushed, and courtesy'd, and said nothing. The Doctor caught the Omen, and cried out, Silence gives Consent. *Nicholas Cottier* gives a loud Huzza. And Master *Jacky* looks a little silly. Not a Word about a Letter from my Lord. He did not like the Thing at all, and was resolved to squeek. He waits however till To-morrow, hoping something might come out. But to-morrow was as dumb as Yesterday.

Jacky could not rest. He takes his Horse, and steals away to *Norwich*; where his Father's Uncle was then upon a Visit to his Brother, the very Man who lives this Day at *Hoxton*. Young *Taylor* tells his Story.

The good old Gentleman was struck with Horror. What says he, and his Wife alive? She is his Wife, I'll swear it. I gave her from my Hand in Marriage. And what is more, I paid for the Wedding-Supper too. Oh, my graceless Nephew! Is *Friday* then the Day? I'll save the Lady from his wicked Snare, and your Father from the Gallows; yes, I'll forbid the Banns, never fear it, Boy. Do you go back again, my Boy. I like your Honesty, say nothing. On *Friday* Morning I shall meet you at the *Red Hart*. You know the Inn, don't you?

Yes, Sir, very well, says *Jacky*.

So back he went, with his Mind much easier. Mean while the Chevalier and Widow are upon the Top of *Pisgah*, ready to leap into the promised Land. *Nicholas Cottier* hopes for House and

Stables, and Master *Jacky* eats his Bread and Butter.

Reader, this is *Thursday* Evening. And, as sure as Fate, To-morrow will be *Friday*. To-night the Widow dreams indeed. Her Dreams, God knows what, imperfect Prologues of the Scene at Hand.

The Doctor was up before the Sun. A thousand fairy Visions are dancing in his View. He grasps at Phantoms of Delight. He owns there is a Providence. He feels that Truth within him, Gratitude and Faith. He triumphs in his Suffering. The Inquisition and its Horrors serve but to heighten every Joy. He ruminates on the Raptures of the approaching Hour, and all his past Misfortunes are forgot. *Oxford* is annihilated. His Cross, that Urim of his Fate, looks brighter than the Widow's Eyes. The Diamond on his Finger was indeed a little clouded. It was the Marriage Finger too ; which untimely Omen gave the Doctor Pause. He rubbed his Eyes, he sneezed, he looked again, and still the Cloud continued ; he rubs it with his Linen on the left Side near his Heart, but rubbing made it worse ; he then returns it to its Station on his Finger, and thought no more about it.

But in that very Moment up comes *Nicholas Cottier*. His Countenance was like the Moon in a misty Evening ; it looked a little muddy, as thro' unquiet Rest ; for *Nicholas* had his Dream.

Heaven grant that all may speed, quoth *Nicholas*, my Dreams last Night. But Dreams, I hope, are nothing, excepting your own about the Widow. Mine, I'll swear's a sad one.

The Doctor stares, and seems a little touched. And *Nicholas* proceeds to tell his Dream.

I thought, says *Nicholas*, that my House and Stables were again my own; that the Widow and yourself were both to dine with me, and that *Rachel* was come home. I thought the Floors were covered all with Rushes, and Flowers were growing in the Chimneys. Oh! how I rejoiced to meet with *Rachel*; I took her in my Arms, I thought, and threw her on the Rushes, just to try if they were soft or not. But in that very Instant I thought a Whirl-wind carried off the Roof of the House, and all the Rushes, and the Roses; but still that *Rachel* was between me and the Floor, I felt it very cold; and when I waked, instead of *Rachel*, what should be under me but a tawdry dressed-up wooden Doll, which the Maids had put to Bed to me, for you remember I was pretty tipsy. By the Lord, I believe, it bodes no Good; my Spirits are as low as stooped small Beer.

Pshaw, rat you, quoth the Doctor, your Dream is made of Porridge. Your *Rachel* and your Rushes. — Is the Widow stirring? tell me that, and let your Dream go fiddle. What's the lucky Hour, *Nicholas Cottier*? Twelve o'Clock, I believe, for then the Sun is at the highest. An Emblem of my present happy Fortune. We'll be married, *Nick*, at twelve, and in the Church too, in the Face of all the World. Who dare forbid the Banns? *Nicholas*, you must give the Widow, and do the Thing with Dignity. But come, we'll in and rouse her up. What do you hang your Head for?

God send, says *Nicholas*, I may have my House and Stables. This ugly Dream torments me. I cannot rub it from my Thoughts; it sticks like Bird-lime. That plaguy wooden Doll, instead of *Rachel*, looks I don't know — But let us rouse the Widow. I'll give her like an Alderman. — I'll act my Part, I'll warrant you.

So in they went, and sat them down to Breakfast. The Widow was as brisk as ever. Her Dreams were not like *Nicholas Cottier's*. Nothing now but Rant and Rapture passed between the Doctor and the Widow. But *Nicholas* looked as dull as ever. Mr. *Jacky* too was missing.

And now the Sun is hastening up the Hill. His Coach has reached eleven, and the Widow's too is getting ready ; for the Church was about a Mile distant from her House. The Parson and the License are waiting at her Elbow, and the Hour of Noon is coming very fast. The Parson looks upon his Watch, and the Doctor took the Hint immediately. He seized the Widow by the Hand, and led her to the Coach, which stood waiting at the Gate ; the Parson followed, and so did *Nicholas Cottier*. These four were in the Coach. The Servants brought up the Rear on Foot, by way of Witnesses. And so they marched forwards to the Holy Place. The Clerk was there in waiting.

They are now arrived, and Service soon begins. The Parson took the shortest Cuts, and travelled through the Prayers with all Expedition.

About the Middle of the Service a Footman in a white Livery, turned up with red, came into the Church, sat down awhile, and looked about him, and then went out again.

Nicholas Cottier wondered at the Thing, and guessed some Strangers were coming to the Wedding. Nor did he guess amiss.

The Blessing is pronounced, and now the Chevalier reviews again his Cross and Diamond Ring. Appearances are not propitious. But what can now obstruct him. He eyes the Widow, and neglects his Oracles.

And



And now the important Groupe is formed. There stands the Bride and Bridegroom, here the Priest and *Nicholas Cottier*. The mystic Rights begin ; the Parson has advanced ; and *Nicholas* takes the Widow by the Hand ; and, with a parental Air, gives it joyful to the Doctor. When in that very instant, that awful Instant, enter two Gentlemen in Riding-Habits, and with them enters Master *Jacky*.

Hold your sacrilegious Hand, you Dog, says one of them, and seized on *Nicholas Cottier* ; and you, you Villain, *Taylor*. Ah, you cheated Woman ! I forbid the Banns. Parson, close your Book. Here, call a Constable.

Now, Reader, or rather let me call on Mr. *Hogarth* ; or, if there be a better Painter, let me call on him ; what is *Joseph's* Discovery compared to this ? There stands a Groupe ; observe the different Faces.

We shall not now explain it further, than that the Widow knew my Lord, her Cousin, Mr. *Jacky's* Fellow-Traveller ; and the Doctor knew his Son. Language was vanished from the Parties most concerned, except what staring Eyes and gaping Mouths afforded. This was the Widow's Case ; she was struck dumb. The Doctor stared as bad ; and so did *Nicholas Cottier*. The Parson only could articulate : And he, after pausing too a while, demands, for Heaven's Sake, what was the Matter.

Matter, Villain ! Cease your Office. This Rascal *Taylor* has a Wife now living.

Who, I a Wife ? replied the Doctor. I have no Wife as yet. A Minute more had given me one. But, Blood and Death, Sir, who are you ?
My

My former Wife is dead at *Paris*, dead a Year ago. How dare you, Ruffian, interrupt this holy Business ?

But the Widow cried, it is my Lord, my Kinsman. There's something sure in this. For Heaven's Sake, my Lord, what is the Matter ?

I'll tell you, Madam, says my Lord. And so he blew a Whistle. When, strange to say, who should march up the Isle, in perfect Flesh and Blood, in ample Plight and fair Condition, but the Doctor's antient Consort, Mrs. *Martha Taylor*, and with her marched his Uncle, who dwells this Day at *Hoxton*. Now, Madam, says my Lord, that's the Matter. There's his lawful Wife before you ; and there's his honest Uncle, who gave her to him in Marriage. Now, Traitor, look on her.

The Doctor stares like *Hamlet*. The Widow drops into his Lordship's Arms. The Doctor rushes to the Door, and bids ten thousand Curses blast them all. *Nicholas Cottier* still upon the Ground. The Doctor leaped upon the Footman's Horse, and drove away like Hell. No matter where ?

The Lady's Fit engrossed the Attention of the Company, and gave him Opportunity to make off.

Oh, sudden Change of Fortune ! But we have not Time to moralize at present. The Reader, of his own Accord, may pursue the Bridegroom without his Boots, or Whip, or Spur, riding away for Life. The Halter, not the Wedding-Ring, was now his Cue.

The Widow is returned to Sense. My Lord applies his Smelling-Bottle ; and indeed her Case was piteous ; it would draw Tears from any honest Heart. *Nicholas Cottier* wept with Sorrow, and forgot his House and Stables ; for the Widow pierced

pierced him through and through with such a tris-
ful Look, and Mrs. *Taylor* scanned him with a
suspicious Brow. The Parson looked like one
that lost his Purse, and groped about for Explana-
tion. Master *Jacky* — But the Painter will ex-
press the whole.

My Lord and his Friend led away the Widow
to her Coach. Her Wedding was almost a Fune-
ral. She looked like one expiring. Mrs. *Taylor*
and her Friends were carried back to the *Red-Hart-
Inn*, from whence they came, in my Lord's Car-
riage. My Lord and his Friend waited on the
Widow in her Coach; and *Nicholas Cottier* follow-
ed on at a Distance, footing slowly, which gave
him Leisure to let loose his Sorrows, for *Nicholas*
fretted with a Vengeance. The Coaches still were
gaining Ground of him. The Church stood in the
old Place; for thrice he cast his Eyes behind him.
My Dream also has beat the Doctor's. That
wooden Doll instead of *Rachel*; the Footman's
Horse, and not the Widow. We both have mount-
ed wrong. Oh, such a Pair of Jockeys. The
Race is lost for ever. Where are now the House
and Stables? This Mrs. *Taylor* hates me too;
but the Widow knows I'm honest. My Dream
was not made of Porridge. I wish I was at *Canter-
bury*. I don't know where to turn me. Then,
leaning on his Staff, he muttered to himself, the
Lord knows what, and cursed the Day he turned
Apothecary. *Rachel* too came into his Mind, and
every thing that vexed him. He looked once more
towards the Church, and said, his Dream had got
the better. A woeful Victory, quoth *Nicholas*. If
this be Dreaming, let me sleep no more. I ne-
ver shall see my House and Stables. I wish I had
never known you, Doctor *Taylor*. But what
should

should bring that Lord from *Paris*. As sure as Death he loves the widow. I'll hold my Life, he stands the fairest Chance. Oh, *Rachel*! where are you To-night? My Curse upon you, *Doctor Taylor*.

He stooped again upon his Staff, and mused in Secret; when Master *Jacky*, with a Slap on the Back, roused him from his sad Soliloquy. *Nicholas Cottier*, thou art an honest Man. My Mother and the Widow love you. My Lord will be your Friend.

This waked him from his Reverie. He jumps for Joy; and away he trudges, with Master *Jacky*, to the *Red-Hart-Inn*; where Mrs. *Taylor* and the Company made him welcome.

In these warm Quarters shall we take our Leave of honest *Nicholas Cottier*, and his Friends: And, out of meer Compassion, turn about in quest of the Chevalier.

The Reader must forgive a necessary Blank in this our Story. That is, we can say nothing of the Doctor's History from the Time that he took Horse at the Church Door, till he arrived at the *Welsh-Harp-Inn* on *Chester* Road; for there he came at last. He came, it is true, without his Horse. Through some Accident, or Mistake, or other, the Steed was left behind, and the Doctor, at this Time, alighted from a return Post-Chaise.

The Reader may guess how Matters went in the Chevalier's Mind, during the Interval abovementioned. But he is now at the *Welsh Harp*, like a Weather-beaten Ship in Harbour, with Tackle torn, and Steerage out of order. He calls for Supper, and asked what Guests were then in the House.

He was told, there was but one Gentleman, who would be very glad to join Company with him.

To

To which Proposal the Doctor readily agreed. When presently, to his great Surprise, who should enter the Room, with much Address and Formality, but his ancient and approved Friend, the worthy Mr. *Richard Eagle*. Never was a Tragedy Part so well performed upon *Covent-Garden Stage*, or *Drury*, as this that now was acted at the *Welch-Harp-Inn*, between those much alarmed and most illustrious Heroes. A Pair of Characters indeed! *Dick Eagle* was the most in the Dumps. He bowed the oftenest, with his Hand upon his Breast, and his Eyes cast downwards; a Kind of conscious Cringe, a silent half Confession of something not so fair as might be, that had passed between 'em. Perhaps the roasted Mutton, Spit and all, with which he regaled the Chevalier at *Dublin*, was then served up by Memory to his Apprehension.

But the Doctor cries out, What, again, my early evil Genius and my last, what Fate has flung us thus together? But *Richard Eagle*, I'm a Wretch indeed.

Hear me, dear Sir, says *Dick*, I thank you for the Hint. Command my Life, my Fortune, my Sword, my Purse, my Pencil, and my other Province too. There's a couple of Pullets in this Family, I fancy they are Game. But, to your Story, Sir, I long to be your Friend once more.

The Doctor, like the *Trojan Wanderer*, with a melancholy Heart, relates to Mr. *Richard Eagle* the whole unfortunate Affair. The Widow's Story; a dismal Episode indeed! The sympathizing *Dicky* echoed Groan for Groan. A sorrowful Duet it was, no doubt. But Supper and the Landlady's handsome Daughter, which both came in together, put an end to the trifling Tale.

They

They sup and chat. The Doctor felt his Vigour come about again. His Mind, though crowded with his late Misfortune, had yet some little Room for Gallantry.

Dick and he compare their Notes. A Plan is settled. *Dick* was on his Road to *Chester*; and the Doctor's Needle pointed to no certain Coast. He was a Citizen of the World at large.

Take Notice, Reader, this was a very critical Point of Time indeed. The Pretender was then at *Preston*. And Mr. *Eagle* had formed a Design, if possible, to come at his Picture; not through any disaffected Motive, but merely to get a little Money; for the political and religious Creeds of Mr. *Richard Eagle* would do as well in *Turkey*, *China*, or *Portugal*, as in *England*. No, the Positive, as *Dicky* calls it, was the Point in view.

And, says he, Sir, if I could get but *Fenny Cameron's* too; the Thing might bring a Thousand.

Fenny Cameron! quoth the Doctor. What, is not she the Pretender's Mistress?

The same, quoth *Dicky*.

At that the Doctor gave a Spring and danced about the Room. His Cause is blasted; the Pretender is undone, cries out the Doctor. A Patriot Spirit stirs within me. I have long employed my best of Faculties against both Pope and Popery.—Here's a Stroke indeed! Cuckold the Pretender, and make a Convert of his Mistress; then all the Plot comes out. The Government may perhaps consider me. Give me thy Hand, my Friend.

Take it, and my Heart too, says *Dicky*. And will you venture on this Bottom? Here are the Sorrels, Sir; you see here's the Positive, says *Richard*, taking from his Waistcoat Pocket a whole Handful of Guineas.

The

The Chevalier approved the Omen. And in the Morning they both set out for *Chester*. *Dick Eagle* was obliged to call upon a certain Nobleman in that Neighbourhood. So away they jogged together.

The Chevalier had *Jenny Cameron* in his Eye, and *Dick* the Pictures.

They arrive at *Chester*, remain a Day or two, and then proceed to *Preston*. But on the Road they heard that the Rebel Army was then at *Manchester*. So they changed their Course, and made for that City.

Dick Eagle had procured a Pass from the Nobleman abovementioned, who lived within a Dozen Miles of *Chester*. They found it useful in their Journey.

As the Chevalier approached the Town, something like inspiration was kindled in his Eyes. I shall live the Champion of the Cause, or die a Martyr for my Country. This Enterprize is worthy of my Spirit. Oh, *Richard Eagle*, like another *Hannibal*, your Friend is sworn the Enemy of *Rome*, if I can convert her. I feel my Arguments are strong. My Cross and Diamonds look propitious.

Dicky answered, Why not give his Picture? 'twill serve him in his Cause. If the Man is handsome, I believe I may come at him; as to his Cause, What say you, Doctor?

Yes, I'll be revenged, quoth the Doctor, for Inquisition now, and all; revenged for *Portugal*, for *Spain*, and *France*. Oh, thou trusty Champion of the *Protestant* Church, stand by me now or never. What's your paltry Picture, *Richard Eagle*, your thousand Guineas to a Stroke like mine?

Guineas, Sir, quoth *Dick*, are useful. They bribe an Evidence or bring a Wench.

Damn

Damn your *Irish* Evidence and Wench, replies the Doctor, the Revolution is concerned in my Attempt. The Cause of Nations hangs upon my Weapon. But Oh, this cursed Widow! Now *Dick Eagle*, the Town's at Hand. There is a rising in Favour of my Scheme. Things I believe will prosper. What think you, *Dick*, of this? They say she's lusty. But, *Risbard*, she must burn her Beads. I'll teach her to keep Account without their Help.



End of the SECOND VOLUME.

